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Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

WE ARE concerned with the large characteristics of national being. The little prudences and wisdoms of individual life and character the individual will work out from his own experience and the councils of the wise. But all these will finally converge upon the few great standards of communal character. These must be elemental—can only be elemental; for the community is very much akin to nature—is indeed a manifestation of nature like oceans or stars or plants or animals. In the ceaseless flow of the Gulf Stream the unaccountable drops of water may each bear some different ingredient of matter, yet all are impelled in the same direction. So in our national life the individual with all of his peculiarities must conform to the general tendency of the mass to which he belongs. And what we are now engaged in is finding our natural course—making a survey of those fundamental elements of national character which grow out of the American People themselves—of their quantity and quality of power, their position for the using of that power.

We are not moralizing; we are analyzing.

There is no teacher of the fundamentals like Nature. And we are discovering here a kinship between Nature and peoples and nations. Think deep enough and you will find in Nature and the Nation not alone a similarity, but more; you will find a oneness, a unity. They have the same rhythmic on-going; the same convulsions, cataclysms and hurricanes; the same periods of peace, generation and fruition—the same everything. Therefore the cosmic lessons of Nature should be the decalogue of national living and doing.

About the first thing we observe in the material universe is thoroughness. Nature has the severe morality of the artist. She is not content to leave the picture unfinished. Like the true artist she must work it out to the smallest detail, as in the case of the inspiring tale of the painter who starved and froze but finally finished his work to the last application of pigment no larger than a needle's point. If Nature wants a desert she produces Sahara. If she wants mountains she is not content until thousands of miles of them are heaped one upon the other in a very plethora of rugged perfection; and we have the Cordilleras or the Alps or the Himalayas.

There is in her thoroughness a regularity, too—she will repeat seasons of the same kind—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—through countless ages in untiring iteration. And each season in itself is perfect. She will have no icicles in June; it is the time for roses and yellowing wheat. And she gets through her work while she is at it. No doubt that is why the great characters of history have been so often likened to Nature—they did their work down to the final stroke with a splendid disregard of everything but the completion of their task. And so we find the deeds of Caesar or Napoleon or the words of Milton or Goethe compared to the movement of stars or the perfection of fury the tempest displays.

Put tongues to the trees, rivers and plains of our continental Republic and the word of power which all would utter in unison to the American People would be "Thoroughness." The fertile alluvium of the Mississippi Valley cries out to the millions to whom its productivity yields life: "Be not in haste; the master hand that made me for you was infinitely leisurely and took æons for my preparation. For that master hand, like the hand of all mastery, was thorough." We dare not go brawling through our time doing immeasurable things by piecemeal. Who cares for the reputation of a Coleridge? "What vast possibilities his fragments of work display!" cries the critic. But what have we to do with his "possibilities"? What matters "fragments" to us? We care not for power however bulky, nor for ideals however exalted unless they realize some finished performance. The heyday of Athens was less than a century; yet in that time of the ripeness and fruition of her effort she produced perfect work which does us good now and will do the race good as long as the race itself endures.

The defect of the present period of our American life is want of this very

thoroughness. Perhaps it is natural that it should be so. America is the young man of the nations. And young manhood is not careful of completeness, finish and perfection of task. The young heart beats with the force of the reproductive time of life, and arterial blood flushes the brain with currents of action and enterprise impatient of the careful processes which thorough thinking and thorough doing require. And here comes an apparent paradox and conflict of the Natural and the Necessary. Our age and situation and all the ingredients of our being make us strong and therefore negligent of details. But by the same token, if permanent and beneficent results are to be wrought by our effort the firm hand of Thoroughness must hold in check our impetuosities.

The older peoples have learned this; and by doing thoroughly well their work with their comparatively inferior tools they are able to compete very respectably with us in commerce and industry and to surpass us in letters, art and philosophy. Yet with our youth and the imagination, ideality and daring thereof, with our coal in its beds, our iron in its mountains, and our fields ready with the fatness which they have stored up through their idle millenniums; with all the things with which the high gods of circumstance have endowed us, the efforts of other nations would afford no comparison, but only contrast, if we were to use our opportunity with thoroughness.

The enemy of thoroughness is Haste. And the parent of Haste is Immoderate Desire. And this in turn is a quality and defect of youth. Consider this in our civic life. We decide to build a monument. We establish commissions for it, appropriate money not generously but lavishly. Next year we say: "What! is the work not yet done?" When, as a matter of art, the constructive brain has not yet had time to conceive the design which we would have perfect and everlasting. Or, we are confronted with the economic development of industrial organization awkwardly called "trusts." They are good as a whole; but they display along with good certain evil. At the evil we cry out, and should. We ask for laws, and are furious if they are not produced instantly; as though the law-giver can turn out statutes as the lumber-mill turns out shingles. When finally the law, under the pressure of public impatience and therefore full of imperfections, is produced, we expect results from it by the very process of printing it. It is a characteristic of our national life at the present time. Thoughtful men and, better still, the thoughtful masses—for we have "the thoughtful masses"—see that the day has already dawned when this neurotic haste with its crudity and partial performance must give place to the very opposite qualities.

England has been successful as an administrative government because she has doggedly clung to the British ideal of thoroughness. The satirists and poets are seldom wrong; and he who pictured British character as a bulldog was accurate. But her bulldog tenacity is the tenacity of a purpose not to be loosened till its work is utterly done. So, the British people in their time, which now appears growing to a close, have wrought well and carefully; and this notwithstanding the fact that the British mind for the last hundred years has shown a singular atrophy of the inventive faculty, a sort of sterility of resourcefulness.

We Americans on the contrary are luxuriant in expedients. We produce devices to meet a given situation with a readiness akin to that with which tropical soil shoots forth vegetation. We, too, have, in the sweep of that divine purpose which directs the destinies of peoples, become an administering power. With our wonderful adaptability, our fertility of thought and our moral elevation we shall undoubtedly produce an administrative system for our new possessions as much in advance of anything the world has seen as the telegraph of our Morse or the electric light of our Edison is beyond the slow processes of communication and dull methods of lighting of other peoples and older times. That is to say, we shall do this unless our impatience spoils the thoroughness of our



execution. That is the crux of all of our difficulties. It is the explosive point of the Prince Rupert's drop of our destiny.

The Philippines would give us comparatively little trouble—on the other hand would yield an increasing harvest of material reward and of national satisfaction at righteous deeds done—if we would not deny Time a partnership in our effort. If we would be content to make our work thorough (realizing that thoroughness involves the regeneration, moral, mental and physical, of a people—the introduction of new methods, the planting of new ideals, and therefore requires patience) the problem would become plain and the labor easy. The companion of the Thorough is the Gradual. How unreasonable to expect instantaneous results in world-work! We clamor for returns at the national counting-house and for the metamorphosis of Malay barbarism into New England civilization in a shorter time than it took our pioneers to clear a field and raise a profitable crop.

Also, we are competitors of England and Germany in the world's markets. If we are wise enough to add England's former and Germany's present Thoroughness in industry and method, the world of commerce and trade is literally ours. If we make Thoroughness the superintendent of our industry the Republic will be the commercial hegemon of all countries and all peoples.

Go to see the performance of excellent acrobats whenever you can. There is in their work far more than diversion; there is instruction which amounts to a stimulus. Observe the perfect calculation of distance, the sure, quick grasp of hand, the exact computation of time, and, through all, the hazard of it, the grace and ease of the flying bird. And consider, you who observe, that their art is a trivial one—the lowest form of amusement. Yet, reflect on the infinite pains they take for the sake of perfection. They could not perform the simplest of their complicated feats did they not practice daily—did they not bend the whole energies of their life to thoroughness. Yet, you who are a lawyer, or you who are a writer, or you who are a man of affairs, or still you other who are a statesman or should be—all your occupations are large and worth while compared with the profession of the poor acrobat. But do any of us reach the acrobat's perfection? If we do not, he is a better man than we. He plays his part—plays it thoroughly. We dissipate our energies. We do as much as we must and no more. Said a writer of great present popularity on this very theme: "How long do I labor over my pages? Not long, for the publisher is eager for them. And they will sell as well to-day or better than if I put unlimited care to their revision." But he was wrong there. Gibbon rewrote the first few chapters of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* fifteen or sixteen times; and the ancients spent a lifetime on what would now fill a single volume. I will tell you, my friend, our national need is Thoroughness. It is my need of needs and yours too, doubt not. The acrobats bring it home to us with humiliating emphasis. So do sharpshooters and all other performers of the arts of inferior diversion. Observe the vaudeville marksman shoot through a finger ring held by an assistant, and reflect that it took years of practice and scores of thousands of shots to acquire the skill which has no use but to amuse us.

In Canton, China, you may see a workman with a bent steel tool and a lathe turning a block of ivory into a ball. Without breaking this ball he hollows out a space until within the first cover is another ball; and this he hollows out and continues the process until perhaps twenty balls are each within the unbroken sphere of the other. These spheres he perforates with little stars and flowers. He has, at the end of indescribable toil, produced nothing better than a beautiful curiosity, you will say. Yes, he has produced perfection; and no perfection can be called trivial. You go away from the patient workman with your arrogance humbled.

How is it that Thoroughness is the necessity of our present national condition any more than it was yesterday or the day before? Let us answer this by taking commerce as an illustration. Until yesterday we were a developing people. We were engaged in the movement of communities within ourselves—planting new states, constructing railroads, building cities, locating and opening mines. We were "finding ourselves." And though that process is not yet completed, it is so far completed that we are matured and are in direct competition with other mature people. Well! we cannot sell our articles unless they are better made and cheaper than the articles produced by other peoples. All this means not ingenuity only, which is to-day our best commercial traveler, but also thoroughness in the making and finishing of our merchandise.

Or answer it by art and letters. Heretofore, a writer has seen a demand for a book. "The demand may cease," says the frugal man of the pen. "I will hasten my sheets to the printer." But this commercialism of letters is passing. Writers are finding out that their Aladdin reputations which yield profit and the vainglory of notoriety wither overnight. And the money greed which made them hasten to write "the book of the hour" is already succumbing to their

instinct of immortality which commands them to write the book of the decade—the century. They are beginning to seize upon the lasting things of nature and life. The modern scientific method is helping this; and that spirit which is so stern a tyrant in the laboratory is spreading among the American masses. The American fireside is growing to be a tribunal of criticism. Note how impatiently a political sophistry is dismissed; how quickly the family circle rejects an untruth; with what contempt a slattern piece of work is cast aside. The magazine publisher recognizes this. He pays impossible prices for the most careful productions. Ask him why, and he will answer: "Because the American public demands the best. Articles equally interesting but not equally veracious or equally thorough can be had at a small fraction of the cost of our best material; but, you see, the circulation immediately drops. The instinct of the reading public is unerring and knows without analysis the perfect work from the imperfect and demands it—will have it."

The time is ripe for the American Leckys, Mommsens, Spencers. The present century will produce the American Goethe and Balzac—we dare not say the American Shakespeare; for, like the Bible, Shakespeare seems to be the interpretation of the present and future as well as the past.

"You Americans may give subsidies to your ships, but we will still hold our supremacy in the passenger service of the seas," said the president of one of the great German steamship lines. "We will do this in spite of your subsidies, in spite of your undeniable gifts in construction and all enterprise, merely because you have not the gift of thoroughness; and we Germans have. We will save enough in our selection of provisions; we will win enough in alluring passengers by the quality of our wine and food to offset the artificial help of your Government. For example: Although I am president of this company, I personally select our wines; I personally examine the quality of our provisions. Imagine the president of one of your companies doing the like." I say not that this German commercial king of the ocean spoke truly. I merely cite his statements. One thing is beyond all question, however—German maritime supremacy is built on the keel of German Thoroughness. Please reflect that the German flag has become one of the dominant ensigns of the oceans only within the last fifteen years—no time at all. But then, you see, the German ship lines in partnership with the German Imperial Government maintain a corps of students of the craft of shipbuilding. They have become the nicest calculators of the condensation of power, the enlargement of space in the construction of vessels, the adaptation of size and strength to capacity and speed the world has ever seen.

The Hanky Panky Yankee

By Frank M. Bicknell

(A Suggestion for an English Music-Hall Ditty)

The bogeyman is loose upon this right, tight little isle,
He came across the ocean and he'll stay here quite a while;
A right smart Yankee from the States, he's full of pluck and brains,
And every time he shakes his purse the money simply rains.
He is a howling terror, he's a blasted bugaboo,
He buys things we don't want to sell, and sells things that we do;
He flings the oof about so free, unless we're on our guard
He'll carry off the birthplace of our own Immortal Bard;
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million—, he's a blooming billionaire.—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

He sells us wheat, he sells us meat, he sells us shoes to wear,
He sells us locomotives, his machines are everywhere,
He sends his prints to Manchester, to Sheffield sends his knives;
He undersells us every time, his business always thrives,
And when he isn't selling, to amuse himself he buys.
He buys things we should like to keep, things we most dearly prize:
Old masters, first editions, treasures rich and treasures rare,
Ancestral plate or acres, or heirloom from bankrupt heir,—
This Yank has coin to fill a bank, for cost he doesn't care,
For he's a multi-million—, he's a blooming billionaire.—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

One day he buys a tram franchise, the next a steamship line,
There's naught too big for him to buy, his pocket is a mine;
He came and bought our Jumbo, he's bought old Jingo, too,
The wonder is he doesn't buy the whole blame' blessed Zoo;
He buys our ducal castles and no one dares rebuke,
And if his daughter asks him he will even buy a duke.
By'n'by he'll buy the House of Lords, likewise King Edward's crown,
Then form a little syndicate and buy old London Town.
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million—, he's a blooming billionaire.—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

Yet Germany has only a window on the sea, while to the American Republic the oceans are our encircling verandas. As pointed out in the first of these papers, it is impossible that America shall not become the first sea power of the world and remain so. That is the verdict of our coast lines, our harbors, the currents of the deep, the trade winds and the globe's continents and islands. There is no appeal from the verdict of that jury of geography. Yet, it will be no undisputed mastery unless Thoroughness is made the admiral of our fleets.

Republican government is so superior to any other form of management of organized society that it detracts not from the excellence of our institutions to mention some of the drawbacks. Perhaps the most distinguished benefit which our popular government confers on the citizen is unlimited opportunity. Yet unlimited opportunity means unlimited rivalry; and this means a haste of achievement which becomes forgetful of substantial results. So we have the craze of getting rich quick; and some fear that this may become a permanent insanity. One man makes a great deal of money; immediately everybody else wants to make as much or more. From this Cressus ambition of getting large wealth comes the desire to get it as quickly as possible. And this means the neglect of the solid and substantial, the ignoring of that which will be really beneficial next year as well as this year.

To all this a halt must be called. The national disease of million-mania must be checked and finally eradicated. But like all social and industrial evils the disease is curing itself. So many men have piled up so many millions that large wealth is becoming common—almost vulgar. Therefore the minds of those who got rich yesterday are already turning away from the dreary emptiness which sheer wealth affords to that fullness of life and real richness of reward which comes of doing something lasting and valuable for human society.

Also, the complicated nature of modern business demands the highest order of constructive talent in the management of our enormous modern investments. We are developing, instead of the old-time "financier," real statesmen of business. The newly-rich from fortunate adventure, mere chance or lucky speculation wait like messenger boys the command of the real generals of industry and commerce. And these latter have, for their lieutenants, Conserving Mind, Believing Heart and Thorough Method.

The general superintendent of one of the Middle Western railway systems, who started in as a freight handler at a dollar a day and now governs ten thousand men, said: "We must have an assistant superintendent. We have been looking for one for a year. The road has in its employ half a dozen sons of multi-millionaires whose fathers would do anything to get them the place. I cannot consent that any of them shall have it. Highly educated as they are, wealthy and influential as they are, not a man of them is thorough and persistent. We cannot intrust the machinery of our immense organization of traffic to incompetent hands. The dividends of our stockholders are at stake; and the lives of our hundreds of thousands of passengers are a factor in the selection of my assistant. We are searching the country for the man who has the ability, the health, the habits, and above all the thoroughness which this situation absolutely demands."

This is an instance which any person widely acquainted can duplicate by the hundred. And so, in spite of the haste which the opportunity and rivalry fostered by our democratic institutions create, the very structure of our social and industrial organization requires not even integrity more than it requires thoroughness. Your great newspaper, your great railroad, your great industrial corporation would fall to pieces without it, as masses of matter would dissolve into dust were it not for the mysterious force that we call cohesion. Thus we see that out of our national situation, out of the very elements of our present state of development, out of our individual needs as members of our continental community, Thoroughness is called for not as a matter of prudence or advisability, but as a matter of absolute necessity.

On Thoroughness hereafter our statesmanship must rest—no ill-considered laws, no rash policies for the American People.

On Thoroughness our diplomacy must rest—no brilliant play for present position, but each piece of American diplomacy comprehending the centuries.

On Thoroughness our industrial development must rest—no schemes which may dazzle for a decade and then break up because they are not carefully connected with the growth of the age.

On Thoroughness American literature must rest—no flashing comet of literary genius making the world gasp for the moment, but, instead, fixed stars that shine forever like the classics of the past.

Thoroughness, Thoroughness and yet again Thoroughness, from the tying of your shoestring to the solving of the Nation's highest problems! It is the talismanic American word of the twentieth century.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Senator Beveridge's papers on Americans of To-day and To-morrow.

Democrats and Diamonds

Where the Jewels Come From, Who Wears Them,
Who Buys Them or Only Rents Them

By David Graham Phillips

IF YOU wished fully to realize New York's present passion for luxury you could do so by taking a cab at seven in the evening and spending the succeeding six hours in glancing at the crowds in the streets and the first-class restaurants and theatres. You would have no time for a long pause at any one place; you would be in and out of your cab every moment or so; you would only cover a district less than a mile long, less than a quarter of a mile wide. Yet you would have seen about fifty thousand men and women with all the outward signs of great prosperity and evidently spending a good round sum for the single evening's enjoyment. Nobody gets anything for nothing anywhere in New York. You would have seen but a very small part of the population of New York that can, but a small part even of the population that does, spend money freely in more or less extravagant ways. But you would have got an overwhelming impression of luxury, of pleasure-hunting by droves of prosperous people, of extravagant dress, of jewels.

New Yorkers are always asking each other these two questions:

Where do all these people get all this money they "blow in" so freely?

Where do all these women get all those jewels?

As was suggested in the previous article, the most fashionable women of New York, those that have the half million and million dollar collections of jewels, do not as a rule at present wear in public places the great quantities of gems one might expect in view of what they could wear if they chose. But the less fashionable of the women who have the Ceresus-like collections of ropes, collars, breastplates, stomachers, crowns, sprays, rings, earrings, combs, pins, buckles, clasps, fans and vinaigrettes, put it all on whenever they have a chance—and they often make the chance. Then there are the actresses, real and reputed, several hundred of them, all very much in evidence almost every day, who have prudently put by their earnings and their savings and the results of speculations on friendly tips by admiring stockbrokers. Naturally they put by in the, for them, most satisfactory form—jewelry. For jewels can be displayed and are therefore most useful in "making a front"; also, they can be pawned in stormy weather, sold quickly for cash in time of calamity. Finally, there is the great mass of young or youngish women, wives or sisters or dependents of more or less prosperous men—the women who "put it all on their backs." They come, evening, afternoon, morning as well, loaded with jewelry—diamond or emerald or sapphire pins in their hats; not one, but several, each worth from \$500 to \$1000; pendants, chains, jeweled purses, rings, these last weighting the fingers of both carefully-manicured, obviously idle hands. They glitter and flash as they drive in the Park or the Avenue, as they wander about the fashionable shops, as they wave their hands and toss their heads and twist their bodies in advantageous, but of course purely accidental, animation.

The Gem Dealers' Customers

THE evening's tour of the New York world of so-called pleasure would leave upon the mind, vividest of all impressions of luxury and ostentation, the impression of jewelry. In the first-class public resorts you will see few women who are not wearing at least three or four thousand dollars' worth; and you will see scores, many scores, wearing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars' worth; and you will see an amazing number with a hundred thousand dollars' worth or more. Women everybody knows, wives of men noted throughout the country for wealth? Not at all. Women who are not known outside a limited circle; women whose masculine sources of income, proper or peculiar, would not be known by name to any considerable part of New York's population. It must be remembered that there are more than four thousand millionaires and almost-millionaires on Manhattan Island, besides the visiting rich people and the resident prosperous workmen with incomes of upward of thirty thousand a year.

There are five big jewelry shops in New York; there are a dozen at least, in addition, that would have been considered very big twenty years ago; and the department stores carry enormous stocks of jewels, including the finest.

Everything is jeweled nowadays—simplicity means moderation in bejeweling, not absence of it. Would you give a fine dinner or a pretentious dance? There must be jeweled favors. Would you give a wedding present? Something, anything, with jewels on it has the preference—not cheap jewels, but the precious or semi-precious that raise the cost of an article from a few dollars to a hundred at least, and more often to five hundred, a thousand, several thousand. Hat-pins

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. David Graham Phillips' two papers on this subject.



must be jeweled—a thousand dollars for a hat-pin is not at all rare. Cigarette cases, whether for men or for women, must be jeweled. So must every trifling article for a woman's dressing-table—and many articles for a man's.

The most fashionable and the least fashionable men in New York are still rather shy of adorning themselves with jewelry. But in between is a multitude, from bar-tenders and touts and roulette-wheel turners and financial mysteries to suddenly successful young and old business men, who go in for jeweled cuff-links, jeweled shirt buttons and waistcoat buttons, for rings and bejeweled card-cases, pocketbooks, pocket-knives, pencils, and the like. A man who prides himself on simplicity will wear a pin that cost from \$1000 to \$10,000, will have other simple trifles jeweled to the extent of four or five thousand more. But the most ostentatious men are far, far behind the "quiet" and "simple" women. Parasol handles, fans and the like must have gems. The purse must be gold with diamonds along the upper edge and pearl pendants. And other articles which could not well be decorated with precious stones are studded with amethysts, white sapphires, peridots—at prices that would have staggered the richest American of a generation ago.

Miss Simplicity's Burden of Jewels

"I DETEST jewelry," said a New York woman not long ago. "It is so vulgar. I wear almost nothing nowadays."

And at first glance she did seem to have "almost nothing" in the way of jewelry in sight. But at second glance:

Two hat-pins, not less than	\$ 2,400
A ruby surrounded by diamonds in a brooch,	20,000
A string of black pearls,	175,000
Three rings—a solitaire diamond, a black pearl, a white pearl,	32,000

Only seven articles, none conspicuous, yet in the total costing \$229,400

In the Moorish room at the Waldorf-Astoria the other afternoon sat three women, not conspicuously dressed. They had in view, taking them all, no less than ninety-four pieces of jewelry. The total value would doubtless show modestly beside the total of the one woman with "almost nothing"; but it would be a sum which, put out at interest, would bring an income five or six times that of the average preacher, school teacher or lawyer in a small town. The first impression of any of these New York jewel displays, dazzling though it

is to the material imagination, is feeble in comparison with the showing on analysis. You can't buy much of a ring, as rings go nowadays, for less than a thousand dollars. And you can scatter ten thousand dollars without getting together enough to make a gamin take a second glance.

A stranger in New York might fancy that all of this bejeweled ostentation represented solid prosperity. The reverse is the case. There is no question as to the solid backing of the bejeweled wives and daughters of the real millionaires. But these aside, there is a vast deal of pitiful, contemptible sham. Like the handsome dresses, the handsome jewels represent—to omit moral conditions of a certain peculiarly offensive kind—a struggle after show at the expense of self-respect. People live in uncomfortable, sometimes even in squalid, places, live on the gas-stove, almost on the free-lunch plan, that the women of the family may stick on jewels. Tradesmen go unpaid, incomes are anticipated, the horrid spectre of financial ruin is admitted to lodging and to a share in the sleepless bed that the wife may cut a dash with her gems in Sherry's of a Sunday night. Nor is the husband behind the wife in the enthusiasm for this the most impressive kind of show. The wife is the family signal of prosperity to the outside world. Does the husband wish, by displaying a less gorgeous signal, to confess that he is less competent, less successful than other men of about his kind?

Two canons of the tooth-and-claw law of the tooth-and-claw section of New York's population are:

Be rich, if possible.

If not, seem to be rich at any cost.

But in addition to the bejeweled women who have at least some sort of a backing, shadowy and slippery though it may be, there are in still larger numbers the bejeweled women who have no sort of backing. How do these get their bedeckings of diamonds and sapphires and semi-precious stones that enable them to seem equally rich and equally extravagant with their sisters of the securely enthroned plutocracy?

On the "installment plan." In many parts of the city—notably in Broadway—there are jewelers who will in effect rent large quantities of jewels to any woman who can satisfy them that she can pay the rent and is not likely to run away.

"Certainly, lady," said a Broadway renting-jeweler to the wife of a young lawyer, "take this \$20,000 necklace and the \$10,000 worth of rings right along with you. Pay what you can from week to week and I'll credit it on the bill. Oh, no—we never send bills to our lady customers. We understand about those little domestic difficulties. You can tell him they are paste. Oh, you'll be surprised how soon you will have paid for them—part of them, at least. And then——"

The Installment Plan of Looking Wealthy

HE ENDED with a subtle, smiling hint that would have been a dose of the most insidious moral poison to a weak mind. This is an instance in what has become an enormous traffic. The cook, the watchman's wife, the floorwalker's daughter—they are buying a ring or a pin or a string of dubious-looking pearls on the installment plan. They are skimping to pay, and casting restlessly about. This way lie all manner of teasings to turpitude, of incitements to speculation.

The chief charm of jewels—no, let us not forget that such vulgarities as price have nothing to do with the charm of jewels—one of the alleged charms of jewels is that they give the wearer the same air of substantiality that he or she would have could he or she go forth displaying a certified check for a large amount, or a bundle of first mortgage bonds. People say: "Well, — has ten thousand dollars, anyhow. Look at those jewels; they'd sell for that. And when the worst comes to the worst they can easily be secreted from the bankruptcy wreck." But now, alas! this, too, has passed away. The jewels may be installment-plan purchases—mere rented prosperity representing not substantiality and achievement but debt and deception and degradation. That is another item in the explanation why a New Yorker is on the one hand greedily credulous of stories of wealth and on the other hand cynically suspicious of the reality of any apparent prosperity, however plausible. Further, New York knows that there is a certain kind of New Yorker who appreciates that a moderate prosperity can be made to seem huge by spreading it out thin—for example, the woman who could afford to buy \$10,000 worth of jewelry can afford to carry, on the installment plan and in vague hope of a windfall, \$50,000 worth or more.

With these facts well in mind, a student of the great New York show finds a fascinating if melancholy or cynical interest in the throngs that pack theatres and restaurants in the evening and that press upon the jewel counters all day long. And in the splendid flashings of these myriad precious stones he catches many a baleful gleam—and many a malicious twinkle.

RUSTICATED



—send for Doctor Townsend. Don't walk on the grass before ten o'clock, so as to avoid the dew. You should change to woolen socks in about a fortnight from this. Be sensible, but don't work *too* hard, as you are still growing. I inclose a note from your sister.

Your loving mother,

DOROTHY HAMILTON.

Inclosure:

Dear Bobby:

I do so hope you are well. There is nothing new and yet it seems an age since you were here. I had a note from Grace Rivers this morning. Her brother Tom wrote her that you could hear a pin drop in Trinity since you were sent down. Papa had the strangest and funniest letter, delicately scented, in a pretty foreign hand, from some Mademoiselle Yvonne de Château Demoli—what an extraordinary name—calling him her "*petit méchant*," her "*bien aimé Bobee*," saying that she was "*désolée*" by his absence, and imploring his return. 'Twas written from the Theatre Royal. We didn't see the letter to read its further contents. It made Uncle William laugh a good deal. "Wrong address," said he. If you happen to pass MacSweeney, Delaney's—and take care you do so on receipt—I wish you would buy me a curling-tongs and one dozen leather curlers; also three pounds No. 12 lamb's wool for creweling. I inclose the money as usual. Now, Puggsy, don't go at once and buy a new set of boxing-gloves or a meerschaum with my money, and then talk to me about the silliness of girls. Write regularly. Your loving sister,

PATIENCE.

P. S. When you want pocket-money in a hurry write to Momsey or me on general topics, and *don't* stamp the envelope. Send the curling-tongs at the very least. *Now do*: you know I must have one. I look a fright near Grace Rivers. If I were only a man, Bob—but the best of you are horrid, coarse things; now, really, isn't that so?—I could snuggle up near Gracie and look at her for hours. She doesn't seem to talk to me—she purrs. Some day I, too, may find a sweetheart as nice as Gracie's. Do you think I could? I saw in the English Gentlewoman that Rowland's Macassar Oil "imparts brilliancy and pliability to the hair and beard." If you send me *all* I have written for I shall send you a bottle. You love Gracie, don't you, Puggsy?—tell me honest.

Nothing could be further from my inclinations than a personal hunt for rooms. I never got quite accustomed to it, though the unpleasantness was perhaps more felt at first. Happily a fellow-student whom I made my confidant spoke to me of a house on the Mardyke, such as he thought might suit me, and on which that morning he saw an "Apartment to Let" notice. There would have been no trouble had I been disposed to live in the "diggings" of the average student, but I had a horror of dowdy landladies in faded finery

and hair in curl-papers, of stuffy rooms and rickety furniture. This was such a street as prosperous tradesmen might occupy, or half-pay officers. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty's judges on circuit lodged there. Well, I set out. And sure enough there was the house, in perfect condition, new and evidently well kept.

What would inspection reveal of the inside?

My ring brought to the door, on the instant, a prim little man of middle age wearing goggles. This was the owner, Mr. Brownson. He was delicate of build, with straggling fawn-colored hair and whiskers, white and red complexion, blue veins and blue eyes. Altogether a dapper little person.

Behind him was a yet more dapper little wife, his counterpart save as to the whiskers. A momentary smile, whether of surprise or welcome, corrugated the skin in transverse wrinkles over a peaky little nose. In front of her ears hung down on either side a nice little hand-made curl such as ladies of quality loved in the days of our grandmothers. Behind the little wife, in a cunning little baby carriage, was the cutest little infant, of some undetermined sex, all a-chirp and a-coo. Beside the baby carriage was a sturdy servant girl, nineteen or thereabouts, fresh from the country; the full of a door, she took a strong hold of the ground with her feet; was in shape a perfect cube.

"Good Lord," said I to myself.

They were evidently about to

YOU should have seen the dean dance," said the drug-gist's clerk, "as I cauterized his hindquarters, and took some stitches in them, but 'twas awful thoughtless of your bull pup."

"Well, anyhow, Wilson, they've rusticated me for two years—it came too soon upon the trouble about the goose. I'll try Cork this time; luckily there's no residence at the Queen's."

"Luckily?"

I got to Cork of an afternoon and put up at the Victoria Hotel till I could find lodgings. Next morning I was late to breakfast, with a slight suggestion of headache, but found time to enter at college, send for a tailor, have my hair curled. A week in town, and no rooms yet, at hotel still, paid bill, one crown piece left, must have rooms. So I started out briskly and first for the college. Letter awaiting me:

My darling Robert:

Not hearing from you, we suppose you are reading hard. Papa says it is time you turned over a new leaf. He had a bill yesterday from a Dublin veterinary for trimming the ears and tail of that bulldog you made such trouble with in Trinity. The junior dean also wrote saying that your two years' term of rustication might be shortened by a twelvemonth should they hear of your doing well in Cork. Now we all want you to return to T. C. D. I am sending you a hamper prepaid to the Cork station awaiting your order. Always see that your linen is well aired on return from the laundry. Should you cough put a mustard leaf on your chest and take a glass of Amontillado with a little glycerine and—well



"I THOUGHT, MR. HAMILTON, YOU WERE A QUIET YOUNG MAN"

An Irish College Story of the Roaring Sixties

BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

set out for a walk as I rang. I must confess my purpose made me bashful, if not shamefaced; it was ever thus. I told them what I wanted, and, quite so, the second floor was to let furnished. The husband asked me to step upstairs and have a look. Everything was of the pink of neatness.

"I shall gladly take the apartments."

"Wouldn't I like to know the terms?"

"Why, of course," as if I had forgotten, though, as a matter of fact, I hadn't the faintest notion of what they should cost, and, what's more, didn't care. The figures suited admirably. Might he inquire my business? A student. Oh! he was afraid—didn't altogether know—would like to consult his wife—you see students were so noisy, turbulent even.

Heavens! was this paradise to escape me? Was I Ulysses, or Aeneas, or Christopher Columbus to set out afresh on such detestable travels in search of a home or what not?

"As a matter of fact, my dear sir," and I coughed gently, following up with a subdued sigh, "I have come here to escape just such unpleasant associations," and then again, I was reading law not medicine. (Note: Art students were the middle term.) He looked at me and into me. The latter somewhat bored me. He was hesitating—I was patient for I felt I had gained my cause. I was certainly good-looking, if not indeed distinguished, and that in the judgment of such critics as my mother and my father's

sister, sweet Aunt Bessie. In dress and bearing I was a toned-down Count d'Orsay with the curls both natural and acquired of Alfred de Vigny. A word or two with his wife on our return and my lot was fixed agreeably. The family party set out, but the Cube was left to wait upon me and arrange my rooms. A passing street arab took a note to the baggage-master at the station; a second sought a cabman who returned in short order from the hotel with my luggage.

"That will pay you," and I gave him what was left of the crown piece after tipping the arabs. He smiled. "You're a king," said he. "Uncrowned," said I. "Thim's the best be far," said he with decision, just as if he had known both sorts intimately and had taken sides.

At length I sat down before a blazing fire, my troubles at an end, if my pockets were empty, for a letter or telegram would bring me money in the morning. What with a cup of well-made Mocha, a comfortable armchair and the cozy surroundings, faith, I needn't have called the Queen my aunt, and in troth I didn't, either. A gentle languor crept upon me, and I fell into a doze, to be awakened by a tapping at the door.

"Come on," said I, and in strode the Cube.

If I knew as much then as I did later I'd rather have seen Poe's Raven fluttering in.

"They're min at the door wid a hamper for you, sir."

"Send them up."

And after a moment in came the raw material of a cataclysm bearing the promised hamper. He laid it down in the corner which, as my back turned to the cataclysm, I had vaguely indicated by a hand motion. Now, I was invariably liberal in the matter of tips. Whatever some may say, it makes life easier, and that's a gain, but I hadn't a butcher's penny. And that's why I didn't turn round, but rather, when a heavy breathing and the drop on the floor showed that the Raw Material's work was done, said, with an affectation of thoughtless indifference:

"That will do, my man—please shut the door as you go."

"My man, indeed!"

"My catastrophe—my thoroughbred Vesuvius, if you please."

"Oh! I axes your pardon, sir—they's wan and sixpence due on the hamper."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," I replied; "that hamper is prepaid."

"Oh! begor, sir, that's all right as far as up to the station goes, but I'm towld to collect the wan and sixpence for the transportation ov it from the station to the house."

This was a dreadful poser, though it served, however unpleasantly, to clear up the situation. But all this clearing up didn't bring one and sixpence into view. Many a time before and many a time since have I found myself in a tight place when quick thinking and action just pulled me through, and why, reflecting reader, tell me why, I didn't in this particular pass recall the innumerable hampers which a loving



mother had at different times sent me, all warranted to contain, hidden away in some corner, at the very bottom, a sockful of silver and one-pound notes, National, Munster and Hibernian, the equivalent of a myriad one and sixpences. To-day when some fool cross-examiner or other callow psychologist asks me why or how I remember or fail to remember anything I think of the hamper. Be that as it may, my memory failed me just at the time I should have thought of the possibilities of the leprechaun stocking within the hamper.

"There's some mistake somewhere," I rejoined after a moment; "leave the hamper and go—I'll call at the station later, and straighten out matters."

"The devil a bit," roared the Raw Material—he must have thought I brought his word in question—"no wan and sixpence, no hamper—them's my orders."

It doesn't take much to start a fight in Ireland—thank the Lord for all His mercies—no well-regulated mind but keeps well stocked with such excuses, and here was one to justify an Armageddon.

"I've told you what to do," said I in measured tones, with an unconscious stiffening of the jaws; "now go."

"Arrah be aisy, me little buggawn—won't you let me stay till you've finished your tay? What kind ov a cantankerous cocksparra did ye have for a wet nurse that makes ye so bowld wid yer betters?"



He went through the door, and only 'twas open he'd have carried it with him.

The staircase opened on the landing just outside the door, and down the stairs he went, not making two bites of a cherry, or of the one blow. I was too quick for him, and then again, as I reached the angle of his jaw he tripped on the corner of the hamper. I closed the door. Talk of "chorus hymeneal or triumphal chant!" There wasn't a single blood corpuscle in my body but was playing the organ as I went to the window to see the van men drive away.

Drive away indeed! If so they meant they were taking the wrong road, for my eyes fell upon them leaving the van and making for the hall door, one with a whip in hand, the other with a horse trace. No time was to be lost, so I quickly took the advice of a veteran blackthorn stick which stood expectantly by the mantelpiece, and awaited the invaders at the head of the stairs. You could break the ten Commandments with that same blackthorn, not to talk of a man's head. Murder Macquire—his real Christian name was Murtagh—a grandfather's tenant of mine, was the original owner. Some day I'll write down the story. Well, I was awaiting the invaders—the job was an easy one. They were on time, but I was on top, and the odds were even. The narrowness of the battlefield soon forced us to fall back on our fists for want of room to ply our weapons. After a few minutes of joyous and delirious effort I was downed by a punch over the destined repository for my angelic mother's Amontillado and glycerine, the enemy occupying temporarily a recumbent position on the top of me.

I have suggested that the street was an eminently quiet one, and so it was to the extent that any disturbance ever found therein was invariably of exoteric, never of esoteric, origin. But its normal placidity of bearing was conditioned by the fact that twice daily it was a highway for students on the way to college, whilst at uncertain intervals boys of the town found it a short cut to their football grounds which lay beyond. As usual, no love was lost between these types and so—

Great Heavens! what cyclonic roaring is this now, and what trampling thousands? My brain was in a whirl; this must be an earthquake or a foretaste of Heaven. Blücher at Quatre-Bras couldn't hold a candle to it. In an instant I was on my feet, haled up, punched up, held up, and around me a wild swarm of combatants. Troops of students—Jove, where did they all come from?—legions of town loafers yelling

and struggling and puffing—the original invaders had left the hall door open, hence the deluge. The students were headed by two demi-gods: a cousin of mine, Berkeley Russell, remarkable for a cast in the eye and an awful temper, and Tim Neville, whose game leg was compensated for by the arms of a blacksmith and the ferocity of an Apache. The loafers had no head, but hands that were moulded for manslaughter. The real business of the day began. Crowds gathering on the outside blocked the street and swarmed into the house. Everybody couldn't join in the mêlée: the disappointed overflowed the building from attic to basement and began looting. The hungrier and wiser were regaling themselves with a hasty lunch in the kitchen. So much the worse for the quiet of the house. The Cube gave a piercing scream, and a section of the students ran down to investigate. Things were lively enough already, but the infernal din of clashing kettles and pans as the students and loafers were settling their troubles round the kitchen table, was, barring puns, a pandemonium. It was a toss up whether I or my antagonist for the moment would go head foremost over the bannister, when out from nowhere dashed the little white-and-red-faced landlord. 'Twas easy enough with anything at all like hind-sight to recognize that his frantic rush toward me was an emphasized interrogation, nothing more.

"But how could I have known at the time?" said awful Berkeley afterward. And faith he couldn't, for he didn't do a thing but just lam the unlucky landlord—what are they made for, anyhow?—a prize-poem-beauty-on-the-jaw that sent him flying. He was awful reckless, was Berkeley, but very fond of me.

"Go sit down and weep, you infernal idiot," I roared, "you've cooked my goose," and I ran to pick up poor Brownson, who was momentarily reclining on his head, and apparently in deep thought—his latest experience had evidently impressed him with the beauty of repose. Meanwhile, the students from the kitchen had rejoined us and, with redoubled energy, we made one wild, swirling rush upon the enemy. The event demonstrated in the concrete the supreme value of a liberal education. The Latinists rode rough shod over the Vernaculars. Caius Julius Cæsar McGillicoddy surnamed "Femur"—from his blackthorn, which was the shape of a thigh bone—forced Vercingetorix MacNally, otherwise known as "Scrab" Nally, to swallow a section of his dental formula and suffer the fracture of some unoffending

ribs. Marcus Furius Camillus O'Brien knocked the eternal stuffing out of Brennus O'Shaugnessy surnamed Brandy Punch. But why particularize? The decisive moment saw the unfortunate if blameless hamper flung over the bannister in an effort to crush the desperate last resistance of a small knot of the enemy, whose nucleus was the two van men. A few heads more were badly done up and the enemy finally routed, but the hamper gave way under the strain and the contents went to join the waste and ruin of our great upheaval. The war was now over and the hall door shut to.

Heavens! what a sight our wounded eyes fell upon. A seismologist might have felt at home. A Lurridghadhaun couldn't have found enough of the mirror over the mantelpiece to shave with. I didn't so much bother about the chair legs—for the fellows must have weapons to fight with, though the pictures on the wall, or rather the frames, might have been left alone—but Neville welshed a coal porter with a "Noble Army of Martyrs" and the porter's side partner nearly broke Neville's jaw with Queen Victoria. Black eyes and bloody noses were in any event too commonplace to be worth an inventory, but when Berkeley's nose was driven in the same direction as the cast in the eye, I have seen much handsomer portrait painting on a tea-caddy. The dapper little landlady was alternating fits of swooning with fits of hysteric screaming, but the peaky little nose kept on doing a little corrugating giggle on its own account. The baby sucked its toe to the climax and the Cube sang O'Donnell Abou. Breathless we assembled in my room, which was packed. Tim Neville moved the dreamy-eyed landlord into the chair. We drank his health in some fairylike whisky which was found in the pantry. "Gentlemen," said Brownson, "you must permit me to retire. I feel rather exhausted. I'll sleep well to-night, if I don't have a nightmare."

"More power to you," cried we all.

He looked for the moment as if meditating; said he, "I thought, Mr. Hamilton, you were a quiet young man."

"So I am," said I, "only I can't stand imposition."

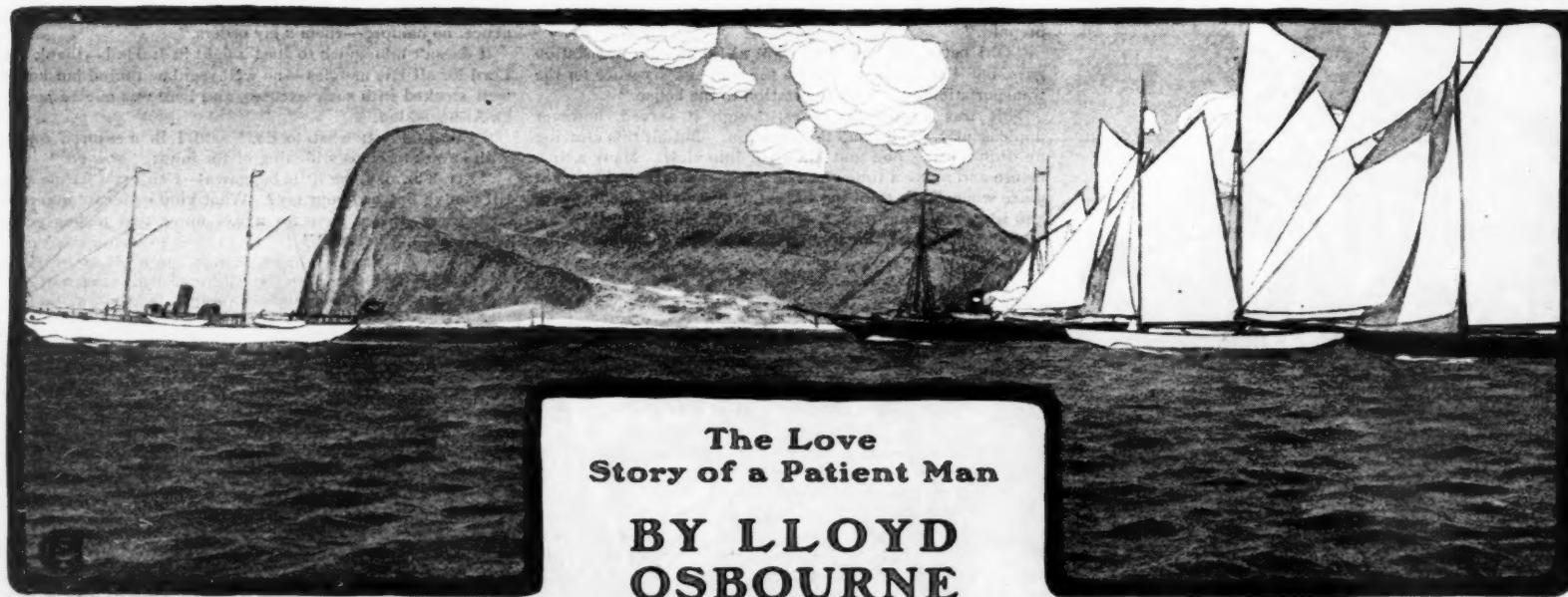
"How so?" said he.

"Those ruffians wanted to overcharge me one and sixpence for bringing me the hamper," I explained.

"'Tis hard to understand the Irish," he groaned, and as we led him to the door he trod on a well-filled sock in the torn toe of which appeared one and sixpence.

I lived two years with him.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER



The Love
Story of a Patient Man

BY LLOYD
OSBOURNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—When Florence Fenacre fell heir to her millions no one was more astonished than Florence herself. In the old New England seaport where she had always lived the only memory of her uncle had been that of deep-seated division between him and her father, and nobody could have supposed that the lonely old millionaire meant to make reparation in his will. Indeed it had been pretty well settled by the good gossips of the town that Florence was to marry Frank Rignold. Frank was the chief engineer of a cargo boat running to South American ports. He had no promise from Florence—rather had she discouraged him—but he felt that his whole-hearted devotion was making its impression, and his hopes were high with a lover's optimism—until the millions came.

Frank recognized the situation at once and went back to his engine-room without a whimper. He heard of her occasionally, of the triumphant show her beauty, her grace and her millions were making in the world. One day he saw her yacht in the harbor and resolved to ask for a position on her engine-room staff. Miss Fenacre answered his letter with a request for a personal interview, and when he walked down the street again it was as chief engineer of the Minnehaha.

SPRING was well begun when the Minnehaha sailed for Europe to take her place in the mimic fleets that were already assembling. As like seeks like, so the long, swift, white steamer headed like a bird for her far-away companions and arrived among them with colors flying and her guns roaring out salutes. By herself she was greedy for every pound of steam and raced her engines as though speed were a matter of life and death; but once in company she was content to lag with the slowest and suit her own pace to the stately progress of the schooners and cutters that moved by the wind alone. She found friends among all nations and, in that cosmopolitan society of ships, dipped her flag to that of England, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

It was a wonderful life of freedom and gaiety. A great yacht carries her own letter of introduction and is accorded

everywhere the courtesies of a man-of-war, to which, in a sense, she is almost a sister. Official visits are paid and returned; naval punctilio reigns; invitations are lavished from every side. There is, besides, a freemasonry among those splendid wanderers of the sea, a transcendent Bohemianism that puts them nearly all upon a common footing. A holiday spirit is in the air, and kings and princes, who at home are hidden within walls of triple brass, here unbend like children out of school, and make friends, and gossip about their neighbors, and show off their engine-rooms and their ice plant and some new idea in patent boat-davits after the manner of very ordinary mortals. Not, of course, that kings and princes predominate, but the same spirit prevails with those who on shore hold their heads very high and practice a jealous exclusiveness. Among them all Florence

Fenacre was a favorite of favorites. Young, beautiful and the mistress of a noble fortune, there was everything to cast a glamor about this charming American, who had come out of the unknown to take all hearts by storm.

Her haziness about distinctions of rank filled these Europeans with an amused amazement. There was to them something quite royal in her naiveté and lack of awe; in her high spirit, her vivacity and her absolute disregard of those who failed to please her. She convulsed one potentate by describing another as "that tiresome old man who's really too disreputable, you know, to have tagging around me any longer"; and had a quarrel and a making up with a duke about a lighter of coal that their respective crews had come to blows over. Everybody adored her and she seldom put to sea without a covey of love-sick yachts in her wake.

Of course, here as elsewhere, every phase of human character was displayed, and most conspicuous of all among the evil was the determination of many to win Florence's millions for themselves. Amid that noble concourse of vessels, every one of which stood for a princely income, there were adventurers as needy and as hungry as any sharper in the streets of New York. There is an aristocratic poverty, none the less real because you must add three naughts to all the figures, that first surprised and then disgusted the pretty American. Her first awakening to the fact was when, as a special favor, she sold her best steam launch to a French marquise at the price it had cost her. Though that lady was very profuse with little pink notes and could purr over Florence by the hour, her signature on a check was never forthcoming, and Florence had a fit of fury to think of having been so deceived.

"It was a downright confidence trick," she burst out to the Comte de Souvary, firing up afresh with the memory of her wrongs. "I loved my launch. It was a beauty. It never went dotty at the time you needed it most and it's name among the men was Old Reliable, and it was a vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller!" (Florence could always rattle off technical details, and showed her Americanism in her catalogue-like fluency in this respect.) "And I miss it and I want it back, and the horrid old woman never means to pay me a penny!"

"Oh, my child," said the count, "she never pays anybody ze penny. She is a stone for which one looks in vain for blood. Your launch is—what do you call it in ze Far Vest—a goner!"

"But she's descended from Charlemagne," cried Florence. "She has the entrée to all the courts. She ought to be exposed for swiping my boat!"

"What does anybody do when he is robbed?" said the count philosophically. He could afford to be philosophical: it wasn't his vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller.

"Smile and be more careful ze next time," he went on. "The marquise's reputation is international for what is charitably called her eccentricity."

"In America they put people in jail for that kind of eccentricity!" exclaimed Florence.

"Oh, the best way in Europe is money-with-order," said the count, "what I remember a friend seeing in that great country of which you are ze ornament—In God we trust: all others cash!"

"Well, it's a shame," said Florence, "and if I ever get the chance of a dark night I'll ram her with the Minnehaha!"

Florence's mother, a dear little old lady who did tatting and read the Christian Globe, was always the particular target of the fortune-hunters who pursued her daughter. It seemed such a brilliant idea to capture the mother first as the preparatory step of getting into the good graces of the heiress; and the old lady, who was one of the most guileless of her sex, never failed to fall into the trap and take the attentions all in earnest. The Comte de Souvary used to say that if you wished to find the wickedest men in Europe you had only to cast your eyes in the direction of Florence's mother; and she would be trotted off to church and driven in automobiles and lunched in casinos by the most notorious and unprincipled scapegraces of the Old World.

Florence, who like all heiresses had developed a positive instinct for the men who meant her mischief, was always delighted at the repeated captures of the old lady; and it was an endless entertainment to her when her mother was induced to champion the cause of some aristocratic ne'er-do-well.

"But, mamma," she would say, "I hate to call your friends names, but really he's a perfect scamp, and underneath all his fine manners he is no better than a wolf ravaging for rich young lambs!"

"Oh, Florence, how can you be so uncharitable," her mother would retort. "If you could only hear the way he speaks of his mother and his ruined life, and how he is trying to be a better man for your sake—"

"Always the same old story," said Florence. "It's wonderful the good I do just sailing around and radiating moral influence. The count says I ought to get a medal from the government with my profile on one side and a composite picture of my admirers on the other! And if I do, Mamsey, I'll give it to you to keep!"



—SHE BURST OUT, "... YOU LOVE HER—AND AS FOR ME I MIGHT AS WELL DROWN MYSELF"

Frank Rignold was sometimes tempted to curse the day that had ever brought him aboard the Minnehaha. To be a silent spectator of gayeties and festivities he could not share; to be condemned to stand aloof while he saw the woman he loved petted and sought after by men of exalted position—what could be imagined more detestable to a lover without hope, without the shadow of a claim, with nothing to look forward to except the inevitable day when a luckier fellow would carry her off before his eyes. He moped in secret and often spent hours locked in his cabin, sitting with his face in his hands, a prey to the bitterest melancholy and dejection. In public, however, he always bore himself unflinchingly, and was too proud a man and too innately a gentleman to allow his face to be read even by her. It was incumbent on him, so long as he drew her pay and wore her uniform, to act in all respects the part he was cast to play; and no one could have guessed, except perhaps the girl herself, that he had any other thought save to do his duty cheerfully and well.

Captain Landry sat in the saloon at the bottom of the table, Florence herself taking the head; but the other officers of the ship had a cozy mess-room of their own, presided over by Frank Rignold as the officer second in rank on board. Thus whole days might pass with no further exchange between himself and Florence than the customary good-morning when they happened to meet on deck. Except on the business of the ship it was tacitly understood that no officer should speak to her without being first addressed. The strict etiquette of a man-of-war prevailed; everything went forward with stereotyped precision and formality; the officers were supposed to comport themselves with impassivity and self-effacement. Florence had no more need of being conscious of their presence than if they had been so many automatons.

Her life and theirs offered a strange contrast. She in her little court of idlers and merry-makers; they, the grave men who were answerable for her safety, the exponents of a rigid routine, to whom the clang of the bells brought recurring duties and the exercise of their professional knowledge. To her, yachting was a play; to them, a business.

"I often remark your chief engineer," said the Comte de Souvary to Florence. "A handsome man, with an air at once sad and noble—one of those extraordinary Americans who keep for their machines the ardor we Europeans lavish on the women we love, and whose spirits when they die turn without doubt into *pétrole* or electricity."

"I have known Mr. Rignold ever since I was a child," said Florence, pleased to hear Frank praised. "I regard him as one of my best and dearest friends."

"The more to his credit," said the count, astonished. "Many in such a *gallère* would prove themselves presumptuous and troublesome."

"He is almost too much the other way," said Florence. "Ah, that appeals to me," said the count. "I should be such an ozer in his place. Proud, silent, unobtrusive, who gives dignity to what otherwise would be a false position."

"I came very near being his wife once," said Florence, impelled, she hardly knew why, to make the confession.

The count was thunderstruck.

"His wife!" he exclaimed.

"Before I was rich, you know," explained Florence. "A million years ago it seems now, when I lived in a little town and was a nobody."

"An ozer romance of the Far Vest," cried the count, to whom this term embraced the entire continent from Maine to San Francisco.

Florence was curiously capricious in her treatment of Frank Rignold. Often she would neglect him for weeks together, and then, in a sort of revulsion, would go almost to the other extreme. Sometimes at night when he would be pacing the deck she would come and take his arm and call him "Frank" under her breath and ask him if he still loved her; and in a manner, half-tender, half-mocking, would play on his feelings with a deliberate enjoyment of the pain she inflicted. Her greatest power of torment was her frankness. She would talk over her proposals; weigh one against the other; revel in her self-analysis and solemnly ask Frank his opinion on this or that part of her character. She talked with equal freedom of her regard for himself, and was almost brutal in confessing how hard it was to hold herself back.

"I think I must be awfully wicked, Frank," she said to him once. "I love you so dearly and yet I wouldn't marry you for anything!" And then she ran on as to whether she ought to take Souvary and live in Paris or Lord Comyns and choose London. "It's so hard to decide," she said, "and it's so important, because one couldn't change one's mind afterward."

"Not very well," said Frank.

"You mustn't grind your teeth so loud," she said. "It's compromising."

"I wish you would talk about something else or go away," he said, goaded out of his usual politeness.

"Oh, I love my little stolen *tête-à-tête* with you," she exclaimed. "All those other men are used up, emotionally speaking. The count would turn a neat phrase even if he were to blow his brains out the next minute. They think they are splendidly cool, but it only means that they have exhausted all their powers of sensation. You are delightfully primitive and unspoiled, and then I suppose it is natural to like a fellow-countryman best, isn't it? Have you found any girls over here you like as well as me?"

"I haven't tried to find any," said Frank.

"You aren't a bit disillusioned, are you?" she said. "You simply shut your eyes and go it blind. A woman loves that in a man. It's what love ought to be. It's silly of me to throw it away."

"Perhaps it is, Florence," he said. "Who knows but what some day you may regret it."

"I often think of that," she returned. "I am afraid all the good part of me loves you, and all the bad loves the counts and dukes and earls, you know. And the good is almost drowned in all the rest, like vegetables in vegetable soup."

She excelled in giving such little dampers to sentiment, and laughed heartily at Frank's discomfiture.

"You can be awfully cruel," he said. "I wonder you can be so beautiful when you can think such things and say them. You treat hearts like toys and laugh when you break them."

"Well, there's one thing, Frank," she said seriously. "I have never pretended to you or tried to appear better than I am; and you are the only man I can say that to and not lie!"

THE Comte de Souvary, toward whom Florence betrayed an inclination that seemed at times to deserve a warmer word, was a French gentleman nearing forty. He was a man of distinguished appearance, with all the gayety, grace and charm that, in spite of popular impression to the contrary, is not seldom found among the nobles of his country. His undoubted wealth and position redeemed his suit from any appearance of being inspired by a mercenary motive. Indeed he was accustomed himself to be pursued, and Florence and he recognized in each other a fellowship of persecution.

"We are ze Pale Faces," he would say, "and ze ozzers zey are Indians closing in from every corner of ze Far Vest for our scalps!"

He was, in many ways, the most accomplished man that Florence had ever known. He was a violinist, a singer, a poet, and yet these were but a part of his various gifts; for in everything out of doors he was no less a master and took the first place as though by right. He was the embodiment of everything daring and manly; it seemed natural for him to excel; he simply did not know what fear was. He was always ready to smile and turn a little joke, whether speeding in his automobile at a breakneck pace or ballooning above the clouds in search of what to him was the breath of life: "ze sensation." He could never see a new form of "ze sensation" without running for it like a child for a new toy. His whole attitude toward the world was that of a furious curiosity. He could not bear to leave it, he said, until he

had learned how all the wheels went round. He had stood on the Matterhorn. He had driven the Sud express. He had exhausted lions and tigers. In moods of depression he would threaten to follow Andrée to the pole and figure out his plans on the back of an envelope.

"Magnificent!" he would cry, growing instantly cheerful at the prospect. "Think of ze sensation!"

He spoke English fluently, though shaky on the *th* and the *w*, and it was first hand and not mentally translated. His pronunciation of Far West, two words that were constantly on his lips, was an endless entertainment to Florence and out of a sense of humor she forebore to correct him. It was typical indeed of his ignorance of everything American. Europe was at his fingers' ends; there was not a country in it he was not familiar with, intimately familiar, knowing much of what went on behind the scenes, and the lives and characters of the men, and not less the women, who shaped national policies and held the steering-wheels of state.

"Murieff would never do that," he would say. "He is constitutionally inert, and his imagination has carried him through too many unfought wars for him to throw down the gage now. He smokes cigarettes and dreams of endless peace. I had many talks with him last year and found him impatient of any subject but the redemption of the paper ruble!"

But his mind had never crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He still thought that the Civil War had been between North and South America. To him the United States was a vague region peopled with miners, pork-packers and Indians; a jumble of factories, forests and red-shirted men digging for gold, all of it fantastically seen through the medium of Buffalo Bill's show. It was a constant wonder to him that such conditions had been able to produce a woman like Florence Fenacre.

"You are the flower of ze prairie," he would say, "an atavism of type, harking back a dozen generations to aristocratic progenitors, having nothing in common with the Pathfinder, your papa!"

"He wasn't a pathfinder," said Florence; "he was a whaler captain."

But this to the count seemed only the more remarkable. He raised the fabric of a fresh romance on the instant, especially (on Florence telling him more about her forebears) when he began to mix up the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary War and the Alabama in one brisk panorama of his ever dear "Far Vest!"

Florence's acquaintance with the Comte de Souvary went back to Majorca, where, in the course of one of those sudden blows, so common on the Mediterranean, their respective yachts had fled for shelter. His own was a large auxiliary schooner called the Paquita, a lofty, showy vessel which he sailed himself with his usual courage and audacity. He had the reputation of scaring his unhappy guests—when any were bold enough to accept his invitation—to within the proverbial inch of their lives; and they usually changed "ze sensation" for the nearest mail-boat home. Florence and he had struck up a warm friendship from the start, and for the whole summer their vessels were inseparable, sailing everywhere in company and anchoring side by side.

The count had a way of courtship peculiarly his own. He made it apparent from the start how deeply he had been stirred by Florence's beauty and how ready he was to offer her his hand; but as a matter of fact he never did so in set terms and treated her more as a comrade than a divinity. He talked of his own devotion to her as something detached and impersonal, willing as much as she to laugh over it and treat it lightly. He was never jealous, never exacting, and seemed to be as happy to share her with others as when he had her all alone in one of their *tête-à-têtes*. What he coveted most of all was her intimacy, her confidence, her frank expression of her own true self; and in this exchange he was willing to give as much as he received and often more. Sometimes she was piqued at his apparent indifference—at his lack of any stronger feeling for her—seeming to detect in him something of her own insouciance and coldness.

"You really don't care for me a bit," she said once. "I am only another form of 'ze sensation'—like going up in a balloon or riding on the cowcatcher."

"I keep myself well in hand," he returned. "I am not approaching the terrible age of forty without knowing a little at least about women and their ways."

"A little!" she exclaimed ironically. "You know enough to write a book!"

"Zat book has taught me to go very slow," he said. "Were I in my young manhood I'd come zoop, like that, and carry you off in ze Far Vest style. But I can never hope to be that again with any woman; my decreasing hair forbids, if nozing else; but my way is to make myself indispensable—ze old dog, ze old stand-by, as you Americans say—the good old harbor to which you will come at last when tired of ze storms outside!"

"Your humility is a new trait," said Florence.

"It's none ze less real because it is often hid," said the count. "I watch you very closely, more closely than perhaps you even think. You have all the heartlessness of youth and health and beauty. I would be wrong to put my one little piece of money on the table and lose all; and so I save and save, and play ze only game that offers me the least chance—ze waiting game!"

"I believe that's true," said Florence.

"Were I to act ze distracted lover you would laugh in my face," he went on earnestly. "Were I to propose and be refused my pride would not let me—my instinct as gentleman would not let me—go trailing after you with my long face. The idyl would be over. I would go!"

"There are times when I think a heap of you," said Florence encouragingly.

"Oh, I know so well how it would be," he continued.

"A week of doubt—of fever; a rain of little notes; and then with your good, clear, honest Far Vest sense you would say: 'No, *mon cher*, it is eempossible!'"

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Florence.

"I would rather be your friend all my life," said the count, "than to be merely one of the rejected. I have no ambition to place my name on that already great list. I have never yet asked a woman to marry me, and when I do I care not for the expectation of being refused!"

"You are like all Europeans," said Florence. "You believe in a sure thing."

all this rush and bustle and flirtation; of this life of fever and emptiness. I long for peace and do not know where to find it. I am like a piece of music to whom one waits in vain for the return to the keynote. Tell me where to find it or else I die!"

"Rather forward of me to say all that, Count," observed the girl. "But suppose I did—what then?"

The count opened wide his arms.

"I would answer: here!" he said.

Thus the bright days passed, amid animating scenes, with memories of sky and cloud and noble headlands and stately, beautiful ships. Like two ocean sweethearts the Minnehaha and the Paquita took their restless way together, side by side in port, inseparable at sea. At night the one lit the other's road with a string of ruby lanterns and kept the pair in company across the dark and silent water. Their respective crews, not behindhand in this splendid camaraderie of ships, fraternized in wine-shops and strolled through the crooked foreign streets arm in arm. Breton and American, red cap and blue, sixty of the one and eighty of the other—they were brothers all and cemented their friendship in blood and gunpowder, in tattooed names, flags and mottoes, after the time-honored and artless manner of the sea.

In the drama of life it is often the least important actors who are happiest, and the stars themselves are not always to be the most envied. Florence, torn between her ambition and her love, knew what it was to toss all night on her sleepless bed and wet the pillow with her tears. De Souvary, who found himself every day deeper in the toils of his ravishing American, chafed and struggled with unavailing pangs; and as for Frank Rignold, he endured long periods of black depression as he watched from afar the steady progress of his rival's suit; and his moody face grew moodier and exasperation rose within him to the rebellion point.

BY SEPTEMBER the two yachts were lying in Cowes, and already there was some talk of winter plans and a possible voyage to India. The count was enthusiastic about the project, as he was about anything that could keep him and Florence together, and he ordered a stack of books and spent

hours at a time with the mistress of the Minnehaha, reading over Indian Ocean directories and plotting imaginary courses on the chart. With the prospect of so extended a trip before him, Frank found much to be done in the engine-room, for their suggested cruise would be likely to carry them far out of the beaten track, and he had to be prepared for all contingencies. A marine engine requires to be perpetually tinkered, and an engineer's duty is not only to run it, but to make good the little defects and breakdowns that are constantly occurring. Frank was a daily visitor at the local machine-shop, and his business engagements with Mr. Derwent, the proprietor, led insensibly to others of the social kind.

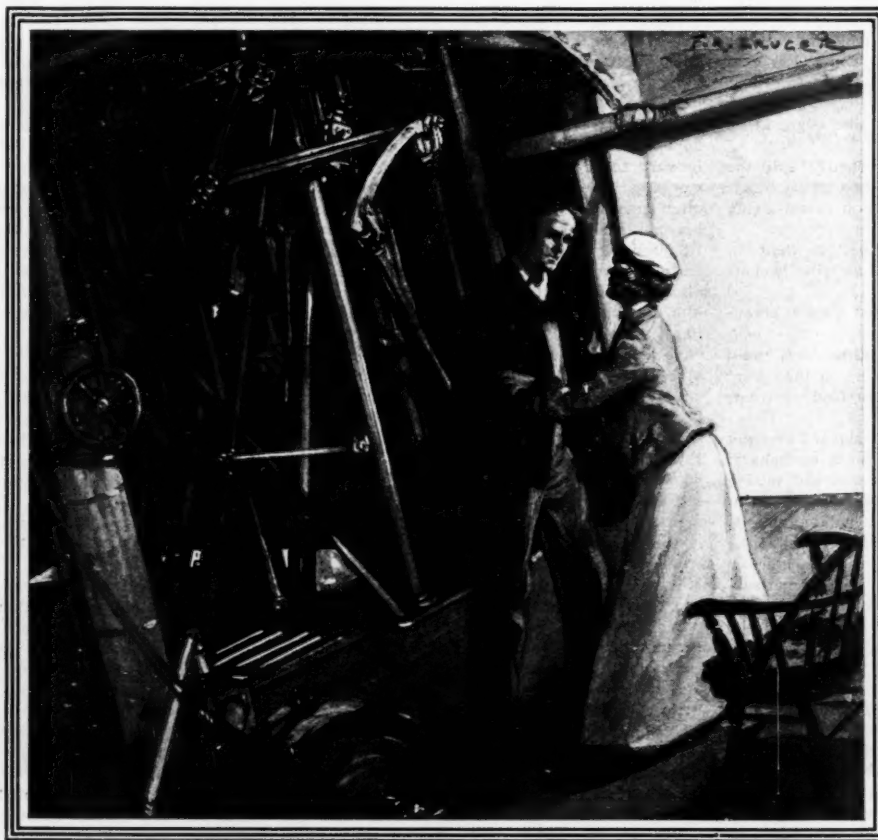
Derwent's house was close by his works and Frank's trips ashore soon began to take in both. Derwent had a daughter, a black-haired, black-eyed, pink-cheeked girl named Cassie, one of those vigorous young English beauties that men would call stunning and women bold. She did not wait for any preliminaries but straightway fell in love with the handsome American engineer that her father brought home. She made her regard so plain that Frank was embarrassed, but she was not a bit put off at his reluctance to play the part she assigned to him.

"That's always my luck," she remarked with disarming candor; "a poor silly fool who always likes them that don't like me and spurns them that do!" And then

she added with a laugh that he ought to be tied up, "for you are a cruel, handsome man, Frank, and my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very sight of you!"

She called him Frank at the second visit; and at the third seated herself on the arm of his chair and took his hand and held it.

"Can't you ever forget that girl in Yankeeland?" she said. "She ain't here, is she, and why shouldn't you steal a little harmless fun? There's men who'd give their little finger to win a kiss from me—and you sit there so glum and solemn, who could have a bushel for the asking!"



—AND I THOUGHT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED I'D LIKE TO BE WITH YOU!"

"My heart is not on my sleeve," he returned, "and I value it too highly to lose it without compensation."

"It is interesting to hear all your views," said Florence.

"I am sure I appreciate the compliment highly. It's a new idea, this of the wolf making a confident of the lamb."

"Oh, my dear," he broke out, "I am only a poor devil holding back from committing a great stupidity."

"Is that how you describe marrying me?" she said lightly.

"Ze day will come," he said, disregarding her question.

"I think it will—I hope it will—when you will say to me:

"My dear fellow, I am tired of all this fictitious gayety; of

For all Frank's devotion to Florence he could not but be flattered at being wooed in this headlong fashion. He was only a man, after all, and she was the prettiest girl in port. He did not resist when she suddenly put her arms around him and pressed his head against her bosom, calling him her darling; but remained passive in her embrace, pleased and yet ashamed, and stung to the quick with self-contempt.

"You musn't," he said, freeing himself. "Cassie, it's wrong—it's dreadful. You musn't think I love you, because I don't."

"Yes, but I am going to make you," she said with splendid effrontery, looking at herself in the glass and patting her rumpled hair. "See what you have done to me!"

Had she been older or more sophisticated Frank would have been shocked at this reversal of the sexes. But in her self-avowed and unashamed love for him she was more like a child than a woman; and her good humor and laughter besides seemed somehow to belittle her words and redeem the affair from any seriousness. Cassie made no demands of him and acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness in the implication that he loved another woman. She accepted the little that was left over, and though she wept many hot tears in secret, outwardly at least she never rebelled or reproached him. She knew that to do either would be to lose him.

It must not be supposed that all this went on unremarked, or that in the gossip of the yacht Frank and Cassie Derwent did not come in for a considerable share of attention. It passed from the officers' mess to the saloon, and Florence bit her lip with anger and jealousy when the joke went round of the chief engineer's "infatuation." In revenge she treated Frank more coldly than ever, and went out of her way to be agreeable to De Souvary, especially when the former was at hand and could be made a spectator of her loverlike glances and a warmth that seemed to transcend the limits of ordinary friendship. She made herself and Frank utterly unhappy.

She made no objection when Frank asked her permission to show the ship to Derwent and his daughter.

"You must be sure and introduce me," she said with a sparkle of her eyes that Frank was too unpretentious to understand. "They say that she is a ravine little beauty and that you are the happy man!"

"I hope you don't think there is anything in it," he exclaimed very anxiously. "I suppose there has been some tittle-tattle—I can read it in your face—but there's not a word of truth in it—not a word, I assure you."

"I don't care the one way or other, Frank," she said. "You needn't explain so hard. What does it matter to me, anyway," and with that she turned away to cordially greet the count as he came aboard.

The two women met in the saloon. Florence at once assumed the great lady, the heiress, the condescending patrician; Cassie flushed and trembled; and in a buzz of common-places the stewards served tea while the two women covertly took each other's measure. Florence grew ashamed of her own behavior, and unbending a little, tried to put her guests at ease and led Cassie on to talk. Then it came out about the dance that Derwent and his daughter were to give.

"Frank and I have been arranging the cotillon," said Cassie, and then she turned pink to her ears at having called him by his first name before all those people. "I mean Mr. Rignold," she added, amid every one's laughter and her own desperate confusion. Florence's laughter rang out as gayly as any one's, and apparently as unaffectedly, and she rallied Cassie with much good humor on her slip.

Cassie cried when Frank and she returned home.

"She's a proud, haughty minx," she burst out, "and you love her—and as for me I might as well drown myself."

Frank attempted to comfort her.

"I—I thought it was a girl in America, Frank, a girl like me—just common and poor and perhaps not as nice as I am. And you know she wouldn't wipe her feet on you," she went on viciously, "she so grand with her yachts and her counts, and oh, I think I'll run over to Injya for the winter, or maybe it's the Cairo or the Nile, says she!"

Frank protested that she was mistaken; that it wasn't Miss Fenace at all; that it was absurd even to think of it.

"Oh, Frank, it's bad enough as it is without your lying to me," she said, quite unconvinced and wiping away the tears. "You've set your eyes too high and unhappiness is all that you'll ever get from the likes of her. You're a fool in your way and I'm a fool in mine, and maybe when she's married to the count and done for you'll mind the little girl that's waiting for you in Cowes!"

"But I don't want you to, Cassie," he said. "You're talking like a baby. What's the good of waiting when I am never coming back?"

"You say that now," she exclaimed, "but my words will come back to you in Injya when you grow tired of her ladyship's coldness and disdain; and I'm silly enough to think you'll find them a comfort to you out there, with nothing to do but to think and think and be miserable."

VI

THE next day he found Cassie in a more cheerful humor and excited about the dance. The house was all upset and she was busy with a dozen of her girl friends in decorating the hall and drawing-room, taking up the carpets, arranging for the supper and the cloak-rooms, and immersed generally

in the thousand and one tasks that fall on a hostess-to-be. Frank put himself at her orders and spent the better part of the afternoon in running errands and tacking up flags and branches; and after an hilarious tea, in the midst of all the litter and confusion, he went back to the ship somewhat after five o'clock. As he was pulled out in a shore boat he was surprised to pass a couple of coal lighters coming from the Minnehaha, and to see her winches busily hoisting in stores from a large launch alongside. He ran up the ladder, and seeing the captain asked him what was up.

"Sailing orders, Chief," said Captain Landry, enjoying his amazement. "We'll be off the ground in half an hour, Eastward bound!"

"But I wasn't told anything," cried Frank. "I never got any orders!"

"The little lady said you wasn't to be disturbed," said the captain, "and she took it on herself to order your staff to go ahead. I guess you'll find a pretty good head of steam already!"

Frank ran to the side and called back his boat, giving the man five shillings to take a note at once to Cassie. He had no time for more than a few lines, but he could not go to sea without at least one word of farewell. They were catting the anchor and were already under steerage way when Cassie came off herself in a launch and passed up a letter directed to the chief engineer. It reached him in the engine-room, where he, not knowing that she was but a few feet distant, was happily spared the sight of her pale and despairing face.

The letter itself was almost incoherent. She knew, she said, whom she had to thank for his departure. That vixen, that hussy, that stuck-up minx, who treated him like a dog and yet grudged him to another, who, God help her, loved him too well for her own good—it was her ladyship she had to thank for spoiling everything and carrying him away. Was he not man enough to assert himself and leave a ship where he was put upon so awful? Let him ask her Mightiness in two words, yes or no; and then when he had come down from the clouds and had learned the truth, poor silly fool—then let him come back to his Cassie, who loved him so dear, and who (if she did say it herself) had a heart worth fifty of his mistress', and didn't need no powder to set off her complexion. It ended with a piteous appeal to his compassion and besought him to write to her from the nearest port.

Frank sighed as he read it. Everything in the world seemed wrong and at cross-purposes. Those who had one thing invariably longed for something else, and there was no content or happiness or satisfaction anywhere. The better off were the acquiescent, who took the good and the bad with the same composure and found their only pleasure in their work. Best off of all were the dead whose sufferings were over. But, after all, it was sweet to be loved, even if one did not love back, and Frank was very tender with the little letter and put it carefully in his pocketbook. Yes, it was sweet to be loved. He said this over and over to himself, and wondered whether Florence felt the same to him as he did to Cassie. It seemed to explain so much. It seemed the key to her strange regard for him. He asked himself whether it could be true that she had wilfully ordered the ship to sea in order to prevent his going to the dance. The thought stirred him inexpressibly. What other explanation was there if this were not the one? And she had deserted the count, who was away in London on a day's business; deserted the Paquita at anchor in the roads! He was

frightened at his own exultation. Suppose he were wrong in this surmise. Suppose it were just another of her caprices!

They ran down Channel at full speed and at night were abreast of the Scilly lights, driving toward the Bay of Biscay in the teeth of an equinoctial gale. At the behest of one girl, eighty men had to endure the discomfort of a storm at sea, and a great steel ship, straining and quivering, was flung into the wild black night. It seemed a misuse of power that, at a woman's whim, so many lives and so noble and costly a fabric could be risked in vain. From the captain on the bridge, dripping in his oil-skins, to the coal-passers and firemen below who fed the mighty furnaces, to the cooks in the galley, the engineers, the electrician on duty, the lookout man in the bow clinging to the life-line when the Minnehaha buried her nose out of sight—all these perforce had to rise and do at Florence's bidding without question or revolt.

Frank's elation passed and left him in a bitter humor toward her. It was not right, he said to himself, not right at all. She ought to show a little consideration for the men who had served her so well and faithfully. Besides, it was unworthy of her to spoil Cassie's dance and betray such pettiness. He felt for the girl's humiliation, and though not in love with her, he was conscious of a sentiment that hated to see her hurt. He would not accept Florence's invitation to dine in the saloon, sending word that he had a headache and begged to be excused; and after dinner, when she sought him out on deck and tried to make herself very sweet to him, he was purposely reserved and distant, and took the first opportunity to move away. He was angry and disheartened.

Toward eleven o'clock at night, as Frank was in the engine-room moodily turning over these reflections in his mind and listening to the race of the screws as again and again they were lifted out of the water and strained the shafts and engines to the utmost, he was surprised to see Florence herself descending the steel ladder into that close atmosphere of oil and steam. He ran to help her down, and taking her arm led her to one side where they might be out of the way. Here, in the glare of the lanterns, he looked down into her face and thought again how beautiful she was. Her cheek was wet with spray, and her hair was tangled and glistening beneath her little yachting cap. She seemed to exhale a breath of the wild air above and bring down with her something of the gale itself. She held fast to Frank as the ship labored and plunged, smiling as their eyes met.

"You are the last person I expected down here," said Frank. "I was beginning to get afraid," she returned. "It's blowing terribly, Frank—and I thought if anything happened I'd like to be with you!"

"Oh, we are all right," said Frank, his professional spirit aroused. "With twin screws, twin engines and plenty of sea room—why, let it blow!"

His confidence reassured her. He never appeared to her so strong, so self-reliant and calm as at that moment of her incipient fear. Among his engines Frank always wore a masterful air, for he had that instinct for machinery peculiarly American, and was competent to the point of genius.

"Besides, I wanted to ask you a question," said Florence. "I had to ask it. I couldn't sleep without asking it, Frank."

"I would have come if you had sent for me," he said, not a little curious to know what she wanted.

"I couldn't wait for that," she returned. "I knew it might be hard for you to leave—or impossible."

"What is it, Florence?" he asked.

She looked at him strangely, her lustrous eyes wide open and bright with her unsaid thoughts.

"Are you very fond of her, Frank?" she asked.

"Her? Who?" he exclaimed. "You don't mean Cassie Derwent?"

"Yes," she said.

"Of course I'm fond of her," he said.

"More than you are of me, Frank?" she persisted.

"Oh, it isn't the same sort of thing, Florence," he said.

"I never even thought of comparing you and her together. Surely you know that? Surely you understand that?"

"You used to—to love me once, Frank," she said with a stifled sob. "Has she made it any less? Has she robbed me, Frank? Have I lost you without knowing it?"

"No," he said, "no, a thousand times, no!"

"Tell me that you love me, Frank," she burst out. "Tell me, tell me!" Then as he did not answer she went on passionately: "That's why I went to sea, Frank. I was mad with jealousy. I couldn't give you up to her. I couldn't let her have you!"

She pressed closer against him, and tiptoeing so as to raise her mouth to his ear she whispered: "I always liked you better than anybody else in the world, Frank. I love you! I love you!"

For the moment he could not realize his own good fortune. He could do nothing but look into her eyes. It was her reproach for years afterward that she had to kiss him first.

"I suppose it had to come, Frank," she said. "I fought all I could, but it didn't seem any use!"

"It was inevitable," he returned solemnly. "God made you for me and me for you!"

"Amen," she said, and in an ecstasy of abandonment whispered again: "I love you, Frank. I love you!"

(THE END)

TO YOU

By Charles Battell Loomis

Young man, you can
Make a hit—be IT.
It's up to you to do
What you were made for and fed and prayed for.
So don't sit down and frown
And groan and moan
And wait—and rail at Fate—
And speak of a clique
That prevents events
From coming your way. A sure way
To invite disaster which comes the faster
If you beckon to it—for then you woo it.
Just say, "I will do better than Bill
Or Ned or Fred or Ted,"
As the case may be. Because, you see,
A thing's half done that's well begun.
There's something you can do
In a way to pay.
Don't whine or grunt, but do your stunt,
And after a while you'll smile
And say, "I may
Be happy yet." You bet!

How Modern College Students Work Their Way—By Forrest Crissey



ROMANCE in college careers has not yet been wholly crushed out. The class of 1903 will have stories to tell as good as those which they have already heard from the "grads" of an older generation.

Hanging on the wall of a well-known Chicago preacher's study is an old-fashioned bucksaw, its blade still bright and its handle worn smooth by long use. This saw stands as a symbol of old-time methods of self-support in undergraduate experience. But the reign of the bucksaw is now at its end; it no longer represents an almost universal experience of the American boy working his way through college. True, this weapon of self-support has not been banished from the field, especially in the "freshwater" colleges, but it is no longer entitled to stand as an emblem of the entire fraternity. Another symbol must supplant the bucksaw, and the choice is not easily determined, for the change in methods of self-support among college students has been very great. This expansion of the working field open to youths dependent upon their own resources and determined to taste the consolations of the higher education has been greater in the universities and colleges located in cities of considerable size than in the colleges situated in comparatively small towns and villages. But, despite this almost universal change in the methods and means of self-support, the sturdy spirit that drove the bucksaws of the previous generation still holds sway; young men and women are still following high educational ideals, and sacrificing pleasure, comfort, and even the necessities of life, in their pursuits; real heroism and romance are being woven into the college associations of to-day as truly as they were when men who are now the nation's leaders were "working their way" toward coveted degrees.

The Breaker-Boy Who Made His Way

A FINE example of the survival of this old-fashioned thirst for a college education is to be found in a certain boarding-house in connection with the University of Chicago. Serving the "French table" in this institution is a lad of about eighteen years of age whose face and figure hint of his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. Only the French language is permitted to be spoken at this table, and the waiter comes under this rule as well as the guests. Little more than a year ago this lad who now takes his orders in French could not read or write, and the story of his coming to Chicago is one of the romance chapters in the history of the University of Chicago.

Shy and trembling, but with a mask of stolidity on his countenance, this boy of seventeen timidly made his way to the office of the president's secretary. Awkwardly fumbling his cap, he announced that he came from Pennsylvania to "get a college education." His clothes were tattered and grimy, his hair unkempt, and his speech of a sort unfamiliar to the official of the University. A few kindly questions drew from the boy the still more astonishing information that he could not read, write, add, subtract or multiply.

"But tell me what started you to come here, and how you made your way?" said the official. Then, in his curious dialect, the lad told this story. His home was in the coal-fields and his only education had been at the "breakers." Only a few months before his father had suddenly died the tragic death of a coal miner. Then there was a family council in the little cabin at which the mother said the final word: "There is only one way out of this kind of life. You must get a college education." From the meagre fund which the tragedy had left in her hands she took ten dollars, gave it to the boy, and told him to go to the big university at Chicago. These instructions were ample, and the boy started on the long journey full of faith in the ultimate outcome. Without drawing any fine moral distinctions, he began the struggle to "beat" his way to Chicago by stowing himself in box-cars, riding on the trucks underneath freight cars, and otherwise outwitting the vigilance of train crews. Often he was compelled to "lay over" and do odd jobs in towns and



SOME OF THE MANIFOLD DEVICES BY WHICH PERSISTENT, RESOURCEFUL BOYS AND GIRLS PUSH THEIR WAY TO AN EDUCATION

cities for a little food, but more frequently he went hungry. His whole purpose was to keep intact his educational fund of ten dollars and still get on toward Chicago, and this he did with the grit and shrewdness of a true "breaker-boy."

At last he landed in Chicago. In the mining town in which he had lived the saloon was the centre of social life, and consequently he at once drifted into one of these public houses—a dive in South Clark Street. Here he secured permission to leave his bundle of clothes and personal trinkets while he went out to look for a place to work for his "keep." On returning he was gruffly told by the barkeeper that he must pay two dollars charges for the storage of his bundle. Although realizing the injustice of this demand, his training under oppression had taught him to avoid "making trouble," and consequently he quietly parted with this heavy draft upon his little hoard of capital. Then he trudged out to the University to meet his fate.

Before this story was finished the official who heard it decided that here was college timber of the right sort. He found a place for the lad to earn his board by waiting upon table and also interested a young woman in the boy's case. Under her tutelage he learned to read, write and "figure" so rapidly that he was soon entered in the preparatory school connected with the University, where he is now one of the brightest students. At the "French table" which he serves he has picked up a fair familiarity with that tongue, and is on the way to a full college career.

An Undergraduate School of Practical Politics

IT IS a far cry from wood-sawing to practical politics, but the latter is a favorite resource for self-supporting students in the University of Chicago. In the recent municipal campaign full forty of the most athletic undergraduates of the University found profitable employment as "watchers" at the polls. Most of them were members of the various ball teams. They were sent into the toughest districts of the city where the party employing them was in hopeless minority. One of these watchers, a freshman weighing 230 pounds and a trained boxer, found himself suddenly beset by a gang of hoodlums. For ten minutes he was busier than he has ever been as right-guard on the football team, but he used his fists so adroitly that at the end of the battle he had upheld the dignity of his colors and pounded into the sluggers of the First Ward a new respect for higher education. Another of the athletes, not quite so "handy" with his fists, was attacked by two women and a man armed with knives. The outcome of the struggle seemed in doubt for several moments, but his coolness and grit saved him from serious injury, and he gave a good account of himself. Not all of these battles at the polls have scored triumph for the undergraduates, but it is certain that their participants have learned more about practical politics while earning election money than in a whole course of classroom lectures.

Those students, however, who have made the largest earnings in the political field have depended more upon their powers of diplomacy than upon their muscle. This work is paid for at rates depending upon the generosity of the political candidates or their managers. Recently a reform candidate for the State Senate engaged a squad of picked college men to make a house-to-house canvass of his district. These students were chosen for their tact and pleasing personal address, and were sent upon their mission armed with arguments and petitions. Their instructions were to get signatures where possible, but to make friends wherever they went. Although the opposition to their candidate was strong, and many doors were shut in their faces, they returned to headquarters with 1200 signatures. More important than this, they had entered into their work with an enthusiasm and intelligence which aroused public sentiment to a high pitch and carried the district for their candidate. For this work they received fifty cents an hour, and the total added materially to their school fund, besides demonstrating that the college man is among the best of political canvassers. Many more of the young men of the University found employment as regular party canvassers, going from house to house, immediately preceding the election, to learn the political preference of the voters and thus enable the party leaders to make a close estimate of their strength.

Probably the most successful of the self-supporting who ever matriculated at the University was a young man who followed the novel calling of giving massage and exercise

treatment to "select clients" among the wealthy men of Kenwood. He reduced corpulency and kept the "high livers" of that aristocratic suburb in condition at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour. Not only did he pay his way by this means, but he also made an excellent class record and left the University with a substantial bank account to his credit.

Another equally interesting case is that of a young man who was invited to come from a "freshwater" college to the University because of his skill in playing the bass tuba. He was needed in the University band, and was told that employment sufficient for his support would be found him if he would make the change. Almost immediately after his arrival work was supplied him as coach and companion for the son of a wealthy merchant. This boy was a little backward in development, and the freshman was employed to give him both physical and mental training. In return for this service the student was given a home in the family, all of his living and routine expenses were provided him, and he was also paid a salary of fifty dollars a month. This arrangement was so satisfactory to the boy's father that the freshman was taken, without cost to him, on the extensive travels in which the family indulged during the vacation months.



Opportunities for exercise of business talent are always open to the students attending a college or university located in a large city. One young man, who came into the University of Chicago from a farm thirty-five miles from Chicago, is doing a thriving business in selling butter and eggs from his father's farm to the faculty. This demands little of his time and clears him about eight dollars a week. Another resourceful boy is paying his entire

way through his agency for theatre tickets, which he established and has developed to surprising proportions by his care and promptness. His charge is the moderate commission of ten cents on each ticket bought. A season of grand opera usually nets him at least \$150. This, in addition to his regular patronage, enables him to take his university course in comfort. One reason for his success lies in the fact that the theatres will not reserve seats on individual orders sent in by telephone, whereas, by special arrangement with the managers, he is allowed this privilege. By doing a strictly cash business he insures himself against losses.

A Suburban Shopping Service

SOMETIMES the business ventures of the self-supporting students achieve an embarrassing success. An instance illustrating the possibilities of this development is found in the experience of a boy who established a messenger and shopping service. He made two trips daily from the University to the business centre of the city, and executed his commissions with such skill and judgment that he soon found himself swamped with orders. Then he attempted to employ assistants. This experiment proved to be his stumbling-block. His helpers could not give satisfaction, and finally so demoralized his business that he was compelled to abandon it. His experience, however, is useful in demonstrating the fact that two or three conscientious students may jointly operate a venture of this kind with every promise of success.

A very considerable number of undergraduates make their way by acting as night and relief clerks in drug stores and small hotels. Others serve as "gate-keepers" in the employ of steam railroads handling a large suburban passenger service, and still others find employment as extra conductors on the elevated railroad, working mainly during the rush hours of the morning and early evening. A few are able to make their way by serving as night operators at telephone switchboards, and one student makes a good salary as a night-telegraph operator.

Among the more traditional means of self-support in the large city is the work of the lamplighter and the newspaper carrier, and many a man now working his way will some time revive "old college days" with tales of his night and morning "runs" through storm and sleet, carrying the lamplighter's torch or a bundle of morning papers.

Often some personal gift furnishes the key to the student's opportunity for self-support. One young man, with an artistic bent, finds profitable work through his skill in coloring lantern slides and in operating the stereopticon lantern,



another student with a good knowledge of French does translating for a publishing house, and still another earns twelve dollars a week setting type in a printing office.

As a rule, large colleges and universities do not encourage girls and young women to matriculate unless provided with funds practically sufficient to carry them through the year. Occasionally, however, a young woman shows the resourcefulness and determination which override this standing discouragement. One such instance is well remembered in President Harper's office.

"I have come," said this applicant, "to enter this university and

to stay until I get my degree. I haven't a dollar to start with, but I am strong and willing to do any kind of work that offers."

All objections and discouragements she was likely to encounter were earnestly urged upon her, but she would not yield. Finally she was given a place in a boarding-house where she served the table and did some kitchen work. While this provided her with food and shelter it gave her no funds for incidental expenses. But she was equal to this emergency, and asked permission to post a notice on the bulletin-board which read, "Mending and darning neatly done. Leave your order. Work called for and delivered. Prices reasonable." An order-book was hung below the notice, and in a few days the courageous young woman was well supplied with work. She "darned her way" through the University, secured her coveted degree, and is now a teacher in a Philadelphia high school.

A good working knowledge of stenography and typewriting is recognized by the officials of colleges and universities as undoubtedly the best equipment for self-support with which a young woman can enter upon the long struggle for a degree. The volume of this kind of work done in an educational institution of the first class is very large, as nearly all of the faculty, as well as many of the undergraduates, are engaged in literary labors in addition to their routine work and correspondence. In many instances good stenographers receive as high as seventy-five cents an hour for dictation and ten cents a page for transcribing their notes. A good reading voice is another excellent element of equipment in this field for young women who have set themselves the task of working their way through college. This often enables them to secure positions as companions to invalids and elderly women. An ability to entertain and care for children is also a desirable quality for a self-supporting young woman at college, for nurse-maids and governesses are much in demand. Department stores and the smaller shops and stores of large cities furnish a means of at least partial self-support to many young men and women attending the metropolitan college, and scores of undergraduates are found behind the counters of these institutions, especially during the season of holiday trade.

The Boy Who Enlisted for the Whole War

CERTAINLY one of the most novel and attractive vocations now followed by the independent college student is that of traveling guide. One young University of Chicago boy, with a liking for mechanical and industrial affairs, earns a comfortable livelihood by acting as "guide" to the sons of wealthy business men. Regularly he takes his young charges through the great business houses and manufacturing plants and explains their operation and significance in detail. His success is sufficient to warrant the presumption that any bright undergraduate located in a large city may reasonably expect to make his way by adopting this novel calling.

Although the University of Chicago and other large educational institutions have found it necessary to organize regular employment bureaus for the benefit of students desiring to become self-supporting, some of the newcomers who must earn their way are so resourceful and energetic that they are quite independent of this official aid. The spirit of this class of students is shown by the experience of a young man from San Francisco. He wrote to the University saying that he had been employed as a stenographer in the general office of a railroad company, and supposed that he was doing good work until he saw two men promoted over his head. Then he knew there was some deficiency in his equipment. It was not in his stenographic skill, and consequently he concluded it must be in his general education. He desired to learn the full details of



requirements for a university course. Shortly after his letter had been answered and about two months before the opening of the college year this young man presented himself at the President's office and referred to his letter.

"But why have you come so far in advance of the beginning of your term?" he was asked.

"Oh, I thought it would be well to get the lay of the land and have everything in shape before then," he answered.

"Of course," was the reply, "the first thing to do is to look up some work for you. We have a regular employment bureau to which you may apply—"

"No," interrupted the young man, "I've got a good job myself—picked it up on my way across the city, not an hour after I'd landed. What I'm worried about is the study end of the business; I'll get along all right on the other things."

It was found that, contrary to his expectations, he was not able to enter the University, but must spend two years or more in the preparatory school.

"That's rather hard," he commented, "and it's more than I bargained for, but I'm not going to have any more young chaps that can't do better work than I promoted over my head if a university training will stop it. So I'll enlist for the whole war."

He is now making an excellent scholarship record in addition to earning a comfortable living. His push, energy and way of doing things are accounted a positive and valuable influence at the University.



Country College or City University?

DR. RICHARD C. HUGHES, President of Ripon College, Wisconsin—one of the most progressive of the "freshwater" colleges of the West—draws the following comparisons between the conditions in the country college

and the city university, so far as the self-supporting student is concerned:

"For the undergraduate," declares Doctor Hughes, "a college may be too large or too small and may be located in too large a city or too small a town. Graduate and professional schools are better located in large centres, but the undergraduate student can do his best work in a country college strong enough to have good first-class equipment, located in a town large enough to provide all the comforts of modern life but small enough to be free from the temptations and distractions of a great city. This country location is best from the educational point of view to give students opportunity for fellowship with each other and with the faculty that they cannot get in the larger crowd. It provides a more simple and wholesome life at a time when this is most important for rich and poor alike. The boy reared under such conditions early adapts himself to any conditions in later life.

"The matter of smaller expense in this country location makes it possible for very many to secure a liberal education who could not afford the expensive life of the city or the city university. The earning capacity of the average Freshman is small. If he is obliged to work any part of his way the cost needs to be low. The cost for an education in the city university ranges from \$600 to \$1000 for the average student. A multitude of our best students who make the most useful men come from homes where the total income is not more than this. He is a rare boy who can leave such a home and make his own way in the university from the first. However, many test their powers in the small college for the first years of their course, and then continue to work their way in the more expensive university. This they find very practical and satisfactory.

"Often the question is asked: Is it possible for young men handicapped by poverty to take high rank in their studies and make success in after life? In my own experience, one man who sawed wood and made gardens to earn his way took high rank in his classes, is now a successful business man and a member of the Senate of his State. Another who worked for his board in a private family, doing odd chores, is dean of one of the most important schools in a large university. Another, a German lad, tutored in German throughout his course and is now at the head of a large mission enterprise of great value to his people. I persuaded a boy to leave his father's tailor's bench to enter a small college. Neither the father nor I had any idea of what was latent in the lad. During the last years of his course he tutored in biology. Upon graduation he took his Ph. D. in physiological chemistry in one of the strongest graduate schools in the country, and, although a very young man, has already done valuable service in the field of bacteriology. Except for this near-by small college he would never have dreamed of an education beyond the common school.

"I know a lawyer not more than forty-five years of age, with a practice amounting to nearly \$20,000 a year, who walked barefoot to the country college, fifteen miles from his home, earned his way throughout the course by manual labor, and made it a practice not to wear his shoes in the summer

excepting under extreme necessity, in order to save them for the colder weather when he needed them more. He took front rank in his profession from the start, and is to-day a man of great influence and character.

The Cost of Living

AS TO methods of self-support, our boys now in college do about as boys always have done when under the necessity of earning money: take the job that comes first to hand. One boy keeps the books in two of the town stores and has an agency for a laundry. Another is janitor of the public-school building, and is the best janitor the school board has ever employed. He is making a record for thoroughness and accuracy that will be a valuable asset when he leaves college to enter business. Two are teaching in the high school one hour a day, and several find odd jobs about the homes in the town. Others report for the city papers and very many spend their vacation in canvassing.

"Country colleges make it a point to keep expenses low so that any student can be entirely independent of charity. The greatest handicap a boy can have is to form the habit of receiving charity. Generally they have some scholarships to be awarded, but they are bestowed for merit. Students are expected to earn them by doing exceptional work, and at Ripon we make no exception in favor of students entering the ministry or any other profession. It is a mistake for a boy to enter a university or college where the life is too expensive for him, and allow himself to be helped with money he does not earn.

"There are many students of the smaller colleges whose total expenses for the college year are not more than \$200. They tell me they are happy and contented, they take their full part in college society and athletics, and are ready to take their chances in a contest with any city-bred men coming from the large universities, either in the classroom or in the larger outside world."

Judge James A. Blanchard, of the Supreme Court of New York, was once asked by a man who had been reared in the East:

"Don't you think you could have made your way to the high position you hold more readily if you had had a degree from one of the great universities?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied the well-known jurist, "but I am quite certain that I should never have left the farm if it hadn't been for the little 'freshwater' college near my home. I entered there for a few terms' work at a time when it would have been impossible for me to have gone East or to any large college or university. At that time I fully expected to return to the farm and spend my life in agriculture. But my ambition became aroused, I found it was possible to make my own way, and so I continued the fight and finished the entire course. And there have been hundreds of such instances in connection with the smaller country colleges."



The Principle of Protection

WHEN the last tariff squabble was on a number of importers called on Senator Platt at his office in New York to protest against the proposed increased duties on Oriental rugs. "It will kill the rug business," said the spokesman. "The duty is too high now, and if it is increased to this absurd figure we cannot import rugs and sell them. Why should the duty be increased?"

"Well," replied the Senator, "some of our fellows make rugs up in Amsterdam. They want the duty set higher. That's the principle of protection, you know."

"But, my dear Senator," protested the rug man, "don't you see that with rugs costing us so much to import there will be no chance to get rid of them?"

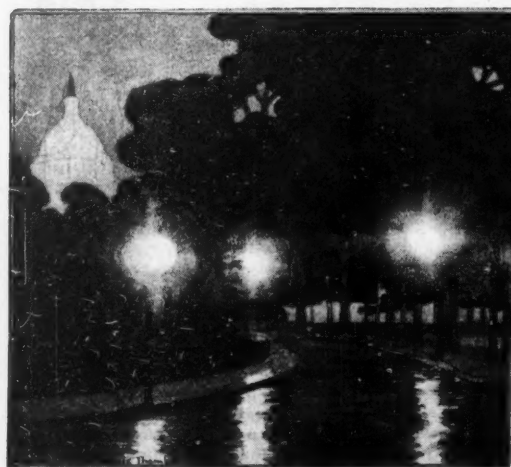
"Is that a calamity?" inquired Senator Platt. "Why can't we make Oriental rugs in New York? Our fellows up in Amsterdam say they can make them just as good there as anywhere else."

Then the importers entered on a long argument to show the Senator that the making of Oriental rugs is an art cultivated for centuries and that the workmen, the local conditions and the atmosphere are not to be found in New York. "Indeed," the argument concluded, "we can no more produce Oriental rugs in New York than we can produce Titians."

"Oh, well," said the Senator, "none of our fellows is making Titians now, and I'll be glad to help you about those."

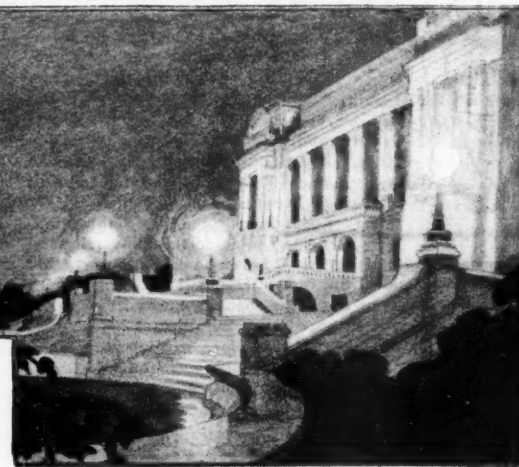


Despotism and Democracy



A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER IX

ON THE first Monday in December—a gloriously bright winter day—the flags were run up over the Senate and House wings of the Capitol building. Congress had met once more.

There were the usual thronging multitudes in the corridors, the usual pleasant buzz of meeting and greeting in cloak and committee rooms, and the cheerfulness and exhilaration of the last session were flamboyant in the present one.

Among the last members of the House to arrive was Julian Crane. He had come late because he wished to put off as long as possible the meeting with Senator Bicknell. Of course, they must meet early and often, but that did not make Crane take any less pains to postpone, if even for a day, the sight of the man he had betrayed. But almost the first acquaintance he ran across was the Senator, in a group of brother Senators who had strolled over to the House side.

Senator Bicknell greeted Crane with unusual cordiality. In the first place, he really wished to attach Crane to the Bicknell chariot, but he had such agreeable recollections of his August day in Circleville, of Annette and her muslin gown, her roast chicken and boiled corn, her sweet, fresh, spare bedroom, where he had enjoyed one of the best naps of his life, and her impromptu reception in the afternoon, that he felt an increased kindness for Crane. He showed this by buttonholing Crane in the midst of the group of Senators and telling the story of his day in Circleville. He paid Annette many sincere compliments, and declared that if Crane should enter the Senatorial contest a year and a half hence and should defeat him it would simply be on account of the charming Mrs. Crane. It was not fair to pit a man with such a lovely wife against a hopeless and incurable bachelor like himself.

Under other circumstances Crane would have been highly gratified, but now it tortured him. He heard once more ringing in his ears Governor Sanders' words, "It is absolutely necessary that Senator Bicknell be not taken into our confidence." To cap the climax, Senator Bicknell said:

"Be sure and give my warmest regards to Mrs. Crane and tell her I shall take the first opportunity to call on her—she is here, I suppose? She mentioned last summer that she was coming on with you."

"Yes," replied Crane, "we are established for the season." And he gave the name of a comfortable, but not expensive, apartment house where they had quarters.

"And say to her that, although I can't give her a dinner half so good as she gave me, I shall expect her and you to arrange to dine with me at my house at a very early day."

Crane escaped and went to his seat in the House. While he was contemplating the baseness of his own conduct Thorndyke came over and spoke to him.

Thorndyke's first impression of Crane was that he looked haggard and worn, and Crane's impression of Thorndyke was that he had grown about ten years younger. His greeting to Thorndyke was very cordial, but he was conscious of a strange thing: that ever since his bargain with Sanders, the meeting with former friends, men of sterling probity, gave him a vague uneasiness. It seemed to him as if, in duping Senator Bicknell, he was duping every honest man he knew. Thorndyke, too, asked after Mrs. Crane, and it began to dawn upon Crane's mind that Annette had the power, in a remarkable degree, of pleasing men of the world. Still, he thought her not quite good enough for himself, particularly if the brilliant future he planned should materialize—as it must and should.

The proceedings of the day were perfunctory, and it was but little after three o'clock when Thorndyke left the House.

The afternoon was briskly cold, and the sun glittered from a heaven as blue as June. Just as Thorndyke came out on the plaza he encountered Crane, who would have avoided him—but it was scarcely possible.

The two men walked down the hill and toward Thorndyke's old quarters. They talked amicably and even intimately, but Thorndyke got a curious impression of reserve from Crane—and reserve was the last thing in the world to develop in Julian Crane. The truth of the matter was, of course, that Crane was turning over in a gloomy self-absorption all the difficulties of his situation, which were accentuated by his being in Washington. The strong fancy which Senator Bicknell had taken to Annette made everything harder. It seemed as if all those things which might be reckoned an unmixed good for an honest man were a burden and a perplexity to him, Julian Crane.

Thinking these uncomfortable thoughts, he found himself before the apartment house and went to his own quarters. They were small and cramped, but the locality was good and the outlook was pleasant. Annette and the two children met him with smiles. The children had grown acquainted with him and had become fairly fond of him. As for Annette, she had never in all her married life so striven to help her husband as in the last few months, when she had seen that he was troubled and suspected that he was engaged in wrongdoing. All her pity, all her loyalty as a wife, had risen within her. She had gradually abandoned the attitude of reserve which she had maintained toward him ever since that first unfortunate experience in Washington so long ago. She reproached herself, as the good always do, for not having been better. Had she given him more of her confidence and sought his more she might now be in a position to help him—or at least to sympathize with his trouble, whatever it might be. But her conscience should never upbraid her again for want of sympathy and tenderness to him. He might tell her of his perplexities, or he might keep them to himself—she would be all tenderness and softness to him. And then the hope was born and lived in her heart which every neglected wife has: that calamities of the soul as well as the heart might bring her husband once more to her side. For Annette had never ceased to love her husband, and with a woman loving spells forgiveness.

Crane dutifully delivered Senator Bicknell's and Thorndyke's messages and Annette's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She felt an increase of courage. She thought Crane must have seen that she had been a help, not a hindrance, to him, socially and personally, when she had been given a chance; and she meant to show him that she could hold her own in Washington as well as in Circleville.

A week or two passed in all the gay confusion of the beginning of the season in Washington. Thorndyke had watched his chance to call on Constance Maitland. Carefully avoiding her usual day at home, he had called on a peculiarly raw and disagreeable afternoon, very late, when he felt sure that she must have returned from her daily drive. He found her in her drawing-room, which was dusky, although it was but six o'clock, with a bright fire leaping high and making the charming room bright with its ruddy glow.

Constance, wrapped in rich, dark furs, her cheeks tingling with the fresh, cold air without, her eyes sparkling, was standing before the blazing fire. She was unaffectedly glad to see Thorndyke, and he felt that sense of quiet well-being which always came upon him when he was with her in her own house. They had much to talk about. Constance took off her furs and the long, rich cloak which enveloped her, and sat down on the deep, inviting sofa, and motioned Thorndyke to her side.

Among the persons they spoke of were Julian Crane and Annette. Thorndyke volunteered the suggestion that Crane was passing through some sort of a crisis—he was so changed, so silent where he was formerly talkative, so full of vague exultation and of equally vague depression. Thorndyke had seen Annette and the children; Annette had asked to be remembered to Miss Maitland, and Constance replied that she should call at once to see Mrs. Crane. She was not particularly interested in Julian Crane's crisis, except that she said that he ought to be more attentive to his wife.

But soon the conversation got down to the you and I—the books each had read, the thoughts each had pondered, the places each had seen. Constance had remained continuously at Malvern Court from June until late in November. She had had a succession of house parties during the summer, but in the golden autumn she had been quite alone.

"It was the sweetest, the most peaceful life you can imagine," she said thoughtfully. "All the world was shut out—except Virginia cousins—but I even escaped most of them. All day I was out in the woods and lanes, riding or driving or walking, and in the evening, with a wood fire, a book, a piano and a lamp, it was company enough, yet it was solitude itself. It was like Omar's shady tree and loaf of bread and jug of wine and book of verse."

"And 'thou,'" added Thorndyke under his breath. He was watching her with a silent rapture which possessed him on meeting her after an absence. She surely had the softest and sweetest voice in the world, and those charming tricks of pronunciation—she called solitude "solee-tude" and piano "pe-arno," and was quite unconscious of it, and bitterly denied any difference between her speech and Thorndyke's. Constance was conscious of the adoring look in Thorndyke's eyes; she had heard the one suggestive word—perhaps it was that which caused a happy smile to flicker for a moment on her lips, revealing the faint, elusive dimple in her cheek—but she continued as if she had neither heard nor seen nor understood:

"I have heard about the solitude there is in crowds, but I never could find it so. I am so dreadfully sociable—Southern and Creole French, you know—that I always find troops of friends and acquaintances in a crowd. But in that solitary old country house in the autumn—that, if you please, was to be alone."

"You seem to have a passion for solitude," said Thorndyke rather crossly.

"Oh, no, only a taste for it at times. I never contemplated with pleasure a solitary life, and I have a horror of a lonely old age."

What did she mean? Was she proposing to him? Thorndyke was a good deal staggered by this speech from the lady of his secret love.

The time sped fast with them, and both of them started when a neighboring clock struck seven. Constance rose at once.

"I must go and dress for dinner at once, and you—you will remain?"

Such an idea had never entered Thorndyke's brain before, but in half a quarter of a second he had accepted.

"Of course," said Constance airily, picking up her muff and putting her bare hands in it, "it's very improper for you and me to dine together without others, but we have reached that comfortable age when we can commit all sorts of improprieties in perfect safety. It is a fine thing to grow old."

"That thought almost reconciles me to the loss of my hair," replied Thorndyke. "You will excuse my afternoon clothes, of course—since you have asked me to stay."

"Certainly. And out of consideration for your feelings I shall make only a demi-toilette."

Presently they were seated at a small round table and Scipio was serving a dainty little dinner. How young they felt! There was no debutante or fledgling youth present to remind them that Time had meddled with their hair and complexions, no elderly persons to claim them as pertaining to middle age. Thorndyke had rarely been more exhilarated in his life. There would be a morrow—nothing was changed by these stray hours of happiness—but still they were hours of happiness. As for Constance, she was radiant with pleasure, and was at no pains to conceal it. Thorndyke, it is true, always found misery and disappointment waiting for him at his lodgings whenever he returned from Constance's house, but they could not frighten off those occasional sweet hours which bloomed like snowdrops in a barren and frosted field.

One of the first visits that Constance paid was to Annette Crane. As Thorndyke had seen anxiety written all over Crane's personality, so Constance saw that Annette was not wholly at ease. But she was unaffectedly glad to see Constance, and soon returned the visit. Crane did not accompany her. He was beginning to feel a species of resentment toward Constance. Why, although he had told her of the comforting and sustaining power she had for him, had she chosen to treat him exactly as she treated all other men, except the few whom she chose to favor outrageously? Why, when she showed him any consideration, was Annette the obvious cause? Self-love was beginning to do for Crane what conscience had failed to do—emancipate him from his admiration for a woman other than his wife.

A day or two after reaching Washington Crane had left a card for Senator Bicknell. When Senator Bicknell returned the visit Crane, luckily, was not at home, and the Senator paid his call on Annette and enjoyed it very much. He had said to her at leaving:

"Remember, Mrs. Crane, you promised to dine with me many times in Washington, so that I may repeat, as far as possible, that pleasant day at Circleville."

"I am prepared to fulfill my promise," replied Annette, smiling, "but I hope you will give me a better dinner than I gave you."

"More kickshaws, perhaps, but nothing better. My dear lady, you must remember the difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. One—the *gourmand*—is a crude product, and would prefer my cook. The *gourmet*, who is a critic by profession, would certainly prefer yours."

It was arranged that Annette and Crane should dine with the Senator to meet a large party the next week. If Crane should be found to have made an engagement, Annette was to notify the Senator.

But he had made none. When he returned from the House that evening at six o'clock Annette told him of the Senator's visit and invitation, and, as ever since the summer, as soon as Senator Bicknell's name was mentioned a look of guilt and shame came upon Crane's expressive and mobile face. There was, however, no ground for declining, and besides, had he not agreed to keep on the best possible terms with Senator Bicknell until—until the time came to betray him? And as he would be obliged to meet Senator Bicknell socially many times in the two years he would be plotting against him, Crane had no object in avoiding him now—but, in meeting him, Crane had the grace to suffer pain.

On the night of the dinner Annette, arrayed in her white *crêpe*, was among the prettiest women present. It was a very large dinner, extremely magnificent, and made up of important persons, but Annette Crane was by no means unobserved or unadmired. Crane was forced to see that. She was placed near to Senator Bicknell, and he paid her a degree of kind attention which would have been flattering to any woman.

When the dinner was over and the gentlemen were about to join the ladies in the superb Louis Seize drawing-room, Senator Bicknell whispered to Crane as they passed from the Louis Quatorze dining-room, "Remain half an hour after the others leave."

Crane started—had the Senator heard anything? He reassured himself by remembering that the Senator would not attack him, an invited guest, and in the presence of his wife. But the thought of a private interview with Senator Bicknell on any subject was disquieting to Crane.

When the last carriage had driven off and only Crane and Annette remained Senator Bicknell said:

"Come into my den, and as I propose to take Mrs. Crane into my confidence, on account of the extraordinary political capacity she manifested on my visit to Circleville, I shall ask her to let us smoke while I unfold a scheme to you."

The den was a small, luxurious room, in the Louis Quinze style, and fit to harbor Madame Pompadour herself. It was shaded by opalescent lamps, Turkish rugs covered the parquet floor, pictures and bric-a-brac worthy of a palace were to be found there. Some people thought that the Senator's den was one of the causes of the weakening of his political power. Many rural legislators reckoned his "fixin's" as wicked,

and were only reconciled by hearing of the prices paid by the Senator for Percheron horses and Jersey heifers. The Senator did not care a rap for either Percherons or Jerseys, and scarcely knew a Percheron horse from a Jersey cow, but it was a concession to the rural statesmen, and he wisely reckoned these bucolic luxuries in his political expenses. Seated before a fire of aromatic wood Senator Bicknell, offering a choice cigar to Crane and taking one himself, began to unfold his scheme. Annette, her white gown brought into high relief by a ruby lamp swinging overhead, sat silent and listened. She did not, apparently, watch her husband's face, but she knew every expression which passed over it, and could have interpreted it, as well as every tone of his voice.

"To come to the point," said the Senator blandly, "I am one of a number of gentlemen interested in a deal of about two million acres of land in Texas. We have had an offer to sell our holdings and we have determined to accept. Part of the purchase money is to be paid in cash, and there is also a transfer of property contemplated for about a million of dollars. Our attorneys are in Chicago, but meanwhile we want a man to go down to Texas once in a while and see how things are coming on, and attend to some matters of detail which I will state later. The whole matter will hardly be settled under a year. We propose to pay a fee of ten thousand dollars and a small commission. I should say there was something like twenty thousand dollars in it for the right man. Several, of course, have been suggested; but you know, Mr. Crane, I am like John Adams was about New England men—there never was an office existing or created during John Adams' time that he hadn't a constituent ready for it. So, when the necessity for a man for this work became evident, I suggested I had a constituent, likewise a colleague in the lower House, who could manage the job if he would, and mentioned your name."



WHEN HE BEGAN HE SCARCELY KNEW WHETHER HE COULD GET THROUGH A SINGLE SENTENCE

Twenty thousand dollars! It seemed to Crane an enormous sum. Then he heard Senator Bicknell's voice continuing:

"It would oblige you to take a trip to Texas during the Christmas recess, and you would have to spend two or three months down there next summer; but I am persuaded we shall reach an early adjournment, so it would not necessarily interfere with you in any way. Besides, it might be useful to you in other ways, and it would be decidedly useful to me. It would show the people in the State that you and I are working well together in harness, and, Heaven knows, I need some assurances of the sort to be given! That scoundrel, Governor Sanders, has been knifing me right and left all over the State, and I look for trouble both at the convention next summer and if I am up for reelection, a year and a half from now."

Crane remained silent a minute or two, and grew pale. Senator Bicknell thought he was a little overcome at what was really a very magnificent offer to a man in his situation.

Annette, who had taken in with perfect intelligence all Senator Bicknell was saying, kept her eyes away from her husband. If he were in league with Governor Sanders—

Crane was not only overcome, he was overwhelmed. The thought came crashing through his brain: "This is the man I am secretly trying to destroy." Every word the Senator uttered seemed to have the force of a thousand voices. "That scoundrel, Sanders"—Yes, Sanders was a scoundrel, but he had never pretended to be a friend of Senator Bicknell's, nor was he indebted to the Senator for anything. Their warfare had been open and above board, while his—Crane could have cried aloud in his torture as he recalled the treacherous alliance into which he had entered. His head was reeling, he heard the Senator's voice afar off, the ruby light falling upon Annette in her shining white gown seemed to be a hundred miles away. Yet, with a calm voice, and with only a slight tremor of his hands, Crane answered:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have made me a very splendid offer. Twenty thousand dollars to a rural Congressman is a great deal of money, and as for the confidence you show in me, I feel it more than I can express."

He was conscious that he was displaying wonderful nerve. When he began to speak he scarcely knew whether he could get through with a single sentence, but he had spoken with tolerable ease and composure. Of course, he must appear as if he would accept. He could not, on the spur of the moment, devise any plausible refusal. He must have time to think—but of course it was utterly impossible that he should consider the matter for a moment. He was not yet bad enough for that. If only he had remained honest! For nothing brings home a man's evil-doing to him more than when he sees the result in a concrete form. His wrongdoing comes out of the regions of mind and morals, and becomes a tangible and visible thing, like an incarnate devil. He realizes his sin when he receives the wages of sin.

Annette listened to every note in Crane's voice, and heard there—falseness. He was not happy, not grateful for the offer. But she, at least, thanked Senator Bicknell from the bottom of her heart for his kind wish to benefit them. When he finished speaking she leaned toward him and laid her hand on his, while her eyes gleamed with a lambent light:

"I thank you—I thank you not only for my husband and myself, but for our little children. It means an education for them—many things their father and I have longed to give them when they are older, but feared we could not."

Senator Bicknell raised her hand to his lips and kissed it gallantly.

"My dear lady," he said, "I am glad to oblige your husband, and I believe he will render a full equivalent for whatever he makes out of this transaction. And I have frankly told him that I think our coöperation in business will be a good thing for me politically. But the day I spent at your house, the kind hospitality to your husband's friend, the sweetness of your home, the excellent behavior of your children, quickened very much the interest I felt in Mr. Crane, and it was a factor in my effort to serve him. Come now, Crane," said the Senator, tapping him on the shoulder, "all I ask is that when I am up for reelection, if you choose to contest the election with me you will please leave Mrs. Crane at home. If ever she enters into the campaign I am lost."

"She will enter the campaign, but it will be for you," replied Annette.

Crane then pulled himself together, and again expressed his appreciation of Senator Bicknell's kindness, and asked when they could meet to go into details of the affair—a meeting at which Crane was determined to decline the benefits offered him.

"Oh, some day next week—I'll let you know when I hear from Chicago," replied the Senator; and after a little more desultory talk the Cranes rose to go.

"I took the liberty of sending your carriage away and my chauffeur will take you home," said the Senator, mindful of attentions to a pretty and pleasing woman.

In a little while Annette and Crane were seated in the Senator's automobile and rushing through the frosty December night toward home.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Persistent Pot-Hunting

GOVERNOR STANLEY, of Kansas, was once so pestered by office-seekers that he found it necessary publicly to make the statement that, in view of the exceedingly numerous applications for office he had received through the mails, he should be unable to give any attention to them, much less afford any hope of success to the various applicants.

In the course of a few days after making the statement in question the Governor received the following note:

"My dear Governor: I understand that you have said that you were going to take a week off to destroy the pile of letters asking for jobs. If everything else is gone, then, my dear Governor, I should like the job of tearing up the letters."

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ All real success is in making one's way.

¶ Most self-made men would put in a college education if they had the job to do over again.

¶ That Chicago millionaire is still after the ideal servant girl, but of course she left last week.

¶ In swinging the circle President Roosevelt seems to have worked a loop around a renomination.

¶ As usual this is the grouching season of the man who wants the second-story front for the back gable price.

¶ The present population of the United States is about 80,000,000, a few of whom have not yet written novels.

¶ It has cost a lot, but Mr. Carnegie has reached the proud moment when he can get his speeches printed in full.

¶ The summer traveler who always has better food at home never offers a reasonable explanation as to why he left.

¶ To the bicycle face the automobile added goggles. If the flying-machine is going to do worse, let us be satisfied with what we have.

¶ Uncle Sam exports over a billion dollars' worth a year, but he maintains the balance of trade by keeping Mr. Rockefeller home.

¶ Fighting a way to the refreshment table is one of the joys of a big American crowd, showing again that none but the brave deserve the fare.

¶ It is proposed to start a hall of fame for the men who really never loved but one girl. It will require a very small hall and there will not be a quorum.

The Professions and the Callings

AT THE recent national convention of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, Doctor Billings, the president, said: "This country needs about twenty-five hundred medical students annually, and the medical schools are turning out between ten thousand and twelve thousand." We are told by distinguished judges and leading members of the bar that the supply of lawyers is fully twice the demand, with a gentle hint that a famine of legal graduates for a few years would not be a disastrous hardship. In the ministry the returns are conflicting. Some of the denominations report an abundance, but many others have empty pulpits, the small salaries being cited as a cause. There is some question as to whether or not journalism is a

profession—Dr. St. Clair McKelway, an eloquent authority, in a speech the other day, "hoped" it soon would be; but there is no doubt at all that every publication office has a long waiting list, and the number of applicants grows with each college and university commencement.

Turning from the professions, we find that the callings resemble their names in the calls they are making upon the educated ranks for trained young men and women. Three presidents of great universities have within the past half-year complained that the inroads of the industries upon their ranks of students and instructors had become serious and that they could not furnish one-half as many desirable workers as were needed in the applied arts alone. Four of the scientific schools say that this year's graduates will step at once into lucrative employment, and more could do so if they were at hand. In the tremendous developments of the past decade nothing has been more significant than the general competition for educated workmen. This wonderful country has outgrown the mere scramble for quantity and is now racing for quality, and in that contest science and skill and originality are of the utmost value.

One happy result of the new conditions is the realignment of the social order. The professional men no longer monopolize the inner circles of culture and aristocracy. The man who does things has taken a place higher than the man who simply belongs to a profession. Neither law nor theology nor medicine carries a patent right to a finer nobility than any other department of education, effort or investigation. A big lot of nonsense has been knocked out of society, and the field of endeavor has been widened and made more attractive to all the earnest workers of the world.

We have all been preaching the inherent and essential nobility of work ever since printing became common, but it has remained for the truly golden age to break down the old barriers and to make opportunity free and the reward honest and right. It is folly, of course, to think that the big places in any of the professions are all filled and that greater prizes are not to be won, but the important fact is that the professions do not enjoy their old monopolies, that there are other desirable proficiencies, compensations and victories, and that the credits are of more equal merit in the eyes and appreciations of the times.

And in this new order the engineer who plans and builds a fine work is a bit more consequential in the public esteem than the eloquent representative of the law who delivers the dedicatory address. We can keenly enjoy the satire of a paragraph which went the rounds the other day, saying that in the unveiling of a certain monument the name of the sculptor was actually mentioned ahead of the master of ceremonies.

The Bear and the Dragon

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Russia in Manchuria have fully prepared our readers for the latest great international development. His accuracy of statement and of judgment has been confirmed in general and in detail.

It is highly improbable that our Government will interfere with Russia's age-old program. England will hardly be able to persuade us that we ought to spend thousands of millions of money and thousands of precious American lives in promoting her Asiatic interests. No matter what flag flies over any part of Asia, we shall get our legitimate share of the trade there, just as we are to-day getting our share—and a very big share—of the trade of the various European countries. Your Uncle Samuel gives his undivided attention to keeping the best kind of a general store he knows how to keep; and he doesn't send soldiers but drummers out to gather in the orders.

Cut Out the Educational Frills

A RICH self-made Chicago man has put himself to a great deal of trouble to write a book tending to show by statistics and other facts that for purposes of success in business the college education is a failure. Many of the college people are laughing at him—and beyond question he does go to the extreme of an extreme. At the same time the man is honest, and the sound idea in his book will bear fruit.

There is a theory that the body can be properly developed only by forms of manual labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Hence a boy scorns to learn farming or gardening or a trade, and spends years in studying football, handball, polo and billiards. There is a theory that the mind can be properly developed only by forms of mental labor which are otherwise absolutely useless.

Let the ordinary college graduate honestly answer this question: Except for "making a front," how much use have your Latin and Greek, your analytical geometry and differential calculus, ever been to you?

The fact is that at the basis of much "sport" and much "higher education" lies the notion that there is superiority in ability to do, or plausibly to profess ability to do, what the mass of mankind has not had the leisure to learn to do.

As the run of humanity is secretly snobbish, the craving for ornaments that are supposed to constitute the "gentleman,"

for the useless hands and impeding frilleries that are supposed to constitute the "lady," would perish indefinitely but for one unsurmountable fact. That is—more and more the world is getting to be a place where only the worker, only the lusty, alive "hustler" can maintain a foothold. And the colleges will have to recognize the fact and to drop their beloved, moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism.

The Civilization Promoters

KINGS and Emperors over in Europe are running about, visiting each other; millions of dollars are being shot away and otherwise squandered; and the shallow sycophants of the European press are recording the "vast increase of international comity as the result of the meeting of their majesties." As these visitings are costing us nothing, as the clamor of cannon and the hurly-burly of saluting soldiery are too far away to disturb our slumbers, we of America can have no cause for complaint.

The peoples of the earth are slowly coming to understand one another, to grasp the great common-sense truths of the brotherhood of man and the folly of fighting. But the visitings of princes and presidents are not helping this on. One of the most wearisome ironies of history is the oft-repeated spectacle of Kings kissing on the eve of their subjects leaping at each other's throats. The way for prince or peasant, for president or private citizen to promote civilization is by setting a good example and wasting or encouraging the waste of as little money as possible—especially of other people's hard earnings.

The King of Italy "blowing in" hundreds of thousands of lire, wrung from wretched Italian peasants, to entertain Edward, who left a country where one of every four of his English subjects is a pauper, or to give a good time to William, millions of whose German subjects envy the domestic animals, which are at least well fed; to call this civilization-promoting is to indulge in one of those satiric figures of speech which, as Bunyan said, "make the fancy chuckle while the heart doth ache."

The Pitfalls of the Law

IN HIS will Washington provides for the settlement of a contest, "if unhappily any should arise," by three arbitrators, and says that they—

"Shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention."

Thus, even in Washington's day, there was among men of sense and experience a strong aversion to courts and to lawyers—in cases where justice was wanted. And this aversion was never so strong as at the present time when the lawyers have had another hundred years in which to set traps and dig pitfalls all round the throne of justice, and to erect toll-gates at every avenue leading to it. Yet the whole reason for the existence of court and law—and lawyer—is that justice may be had by all, especially by the many—the poor and the humble.

Our courts, our judges, are in the main sound and just. The trouble is with the lawyers and the lawyer-made laws. In a day when might employs a lawyer permanently at a large salary as soon as he shows more than ordinary talent, is it likely that legislatures filled with lawyers will move effectively to right the wrong?

Why the People Fear the Trusts

REGIMENTS of arguments for capital-trusts and labor-trusts are hurled at the people of this country, but they continue to be suspicious, continue to listen attentively to any one who comes forward with a plausible "remedy" for what the trust-advocates say is not disease but a national development of healthy growth. What is the reason for this tenacious, not-to-be-reasoned-with popular instinct? The usual answer is "Popular ignorance." But that is as shallow as it is easy. Analysis discloses the truth, the bedrock basis for popular dread and suspicion. It is expressed in the one word: Power.

The people of this democracy know that their liberty rests upon equality, that in our social scheme no man and no group of men is permitted to have irresponsible, unendable power. The corporation has always been sharply watched by the people because it looked like a something possessed of real power. The combination, that amazing expansion of the corporation idea, is suspected and dreaded because it is obviously a depository of genuine power—the brains and muscles and capital of thousands intrusted to one man who is in no way responsible to any one or checked by any one, so long as he earns dividends and interest, no matter how. And for obvious reasons this applies equally, will presently apply as forcefully, to the labor "combine."

"No other depositories of power than the people themselves," says Jefferson, "have ever yet been found which did not end in converting to their own profit the earnings of those committed to their charge." And this the people believe—and can't be reasoned out of by plausibilities or philanthropies.

Saving the Wasted Year

The Need for an Earlier Start in Life Studies By David Starr Jordan

IT HAS long been recognized that a four-years' college course, after the course in the secondary school, and preceding the course in professional training, holds the young man a very long time in school.

Few men are prepared for college, as matters stand, before the age of seventeen or eighteen. Few graduate under twenty-one or twenty-two, and the professional school demands the years to twenty-four, twenty-five or twenty-six. After this follows another year or two of petty beginnings, and by the time the young man is fairly under way he has reached the age of thirty. If from ill health, hesitation of policy, or for any other reason the college course is delayed, the entrance on professional life becomes correspondingly later. By this process the ancient rule of health, "Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible," is persistently violated.

There is no advantage in merely putting in time in college at the expense of serious work outside. Every day in school should justify itself. Wherever time can be saved without sacrifice of results it is a real gain in education.

The college course has been systematically lengthened within the past twenty years. It has been made longer that it may be enriched and made effective. To this end, subject after subject of an elementary character has been thrown backward to the preparatory schools. In this there are some advantages. The college with more advanced pupils becomes more enlightened. It offers a broader range of subjects, and touches the interests of a much larger number of men.

On the other hand, students are often kept in their local high schools until they are tired of the place and tired of the work. Higher education starts when a boy leaves home and begins to depend on himself. Because the high schools have an inadequate and over-feminine teaching force, very many boys who might have been helped by a college education abandon the school long before they are ready to enter college. There is a constant pressure on the preparatory school to undertake more work and to do it more rapidly. The preparatory school tries to do this with some success, and also with serious drawbacks. The greatest disadvantage is that the results are tested as to quantity rather than quality of work done.

The college has not yet devised a qualitative scale of admission—not how much the student knows, but what is the nature of his ability and training should be the test of preparation. The college ought to insist that the student shall be able to go on with the higher work successfully, rather than that he should have to his credit such and such subjects or their equivalents. But it is easier to make numerical estimates than to test the student's mettle. It is easier to measure cordwood than culture, and our tests of preparation are based on the method used in estimating cordwood.

The college should receive men whenever they are ready for its freedom and ready to do its work. If it can devise a sure method, it may "dip down" into the lower schools and take their best students when they have reached fitness for independent study.

To Abolish the Senior Year

HAVING turned the freshman year of twenty years ago over to the preparatory schools, the college can now do correspondingly more in its senior year. Shall it use this time for general culture or for professional training? Here the pressure to yield this year to the professional schools makes itself felt. In America the professional schools have vainly tried to train men who have no foundation of knowledge or discipline; to make physicians and lawyers out of men with neither scientific knowledge nor literary culture. This has failed, and in its failure has brought all American professions, except engineering, into disrepute.

The reputable professional schools demand, or will soon demand, a college education as a prerequisite for entrance. No man with less training than this can do specialized work decently. The college course represents a degree of enlightenment and a kind of training without which professional success and usefulness are not possible. The extension of the elective system has enabled the college to meet the needs of all kinds of men of brains and force.

To shorten the college course to three years is to yield the last year to the professional schools, and these sorely need the additional time.

Another influence tending in this direction comes from the German educational system. In Germany, the local high school, or gymnasium, takes, let us say, two of the years we give to the college. The professional school, or university, takes the rest. The university gives no general culture or general training. The gymnasium gives nothing else, and its curriculum is as rigid as that of the university is free.

Paring Down the College Course

WHILE German educators are considering the possible introduction of the college as an intermediate between the gymnasium and the university, there is in America a tendency toward the obliteration of the college, by merging its higher years into the university, its lower into the preparatory school.

It is true that in the gymnasia students get on faster than in our high schools and preparatory schools.

The German student is as far along in his studies at sixteen as the American at eighteen. This is due to the fact that American life makes more outside demands on boys than life in Germany does. The American boy is farther along in self-reliance and in knowledge of the world at sixteen than the German at eighteen. The American college freshman, especially if brought up in the West, knows a thousand things outside of his books, and more useful, because more true than the things most of his books contain. He can ride, drive, swim, row, hunt, take care of horses, play games, run an engine, or attend to some form of business, while the German boy cannot even blacken his own shoes.

As education is no perquisite of the rich, the American boy has very likely been obliged to earn the money he spends on his own education. To do this he loses time in scholastic marks, but in the long run this is clear gain, provided that he does not abandon his education. The boy who graduates at twenty-four is often more than three years ahead of the one who takes his bachelor's degree at twenty-one. To lose time in testing life is not a loss at all, and the American boy is the stronger for his early escape from leading strings. When his university training is over he is not merely learned; he is adequate, and the higher ideal of personal effectiveness supplements the German ideal of erudition, or the English ideal of personal culture.

It is proposed now to let a man graduate in three years, provided he can do four years' average work in that time. This is no new proposition and needs no discussion. Many men can do in three years more than the average man can in four. In many institutions, in most of those in the West, this privilege has been allowed for many years. If guarded from abuse, and the possibility of mere cramming is excluded, there can be no objection to it. In many institutions a man graduates whenever he has done the required work, and the propriety of this needs no argument.

But the average man cannot do the required work in less than four years. What shall we do for him? It is practicable to reduce the amount of work required for graduation. This would still leave the college course longer than it was twenty years ago, because so much more is now required for admission to college.

I do not believe that this is the best solution. It is better, I believe, to bring the elements of professional knowledge and the beginning of advanced research into the course itself. It is better to break down the barrier between the college and the university, by letting the university dip down into the college. For example, in making lawyers, the work in elementary law can be relegated to the college, as in making chemists we now teach elementary chemistry in the freshman year. In training physicians, the elementary work, physiology, general anatomy, histology, chemistry, should all be in the college course, and in making scientific men of any grade the senior year is none too early for the beginnings of scientific research. I believe that the four-years' college course offers a great advantage. It is now possible to offer the serious student before graduating the crowning value of the college course, something of the method of research. It is likewise possible to offer the elements of professional training inside the college course, and not as an affair wholly separate. In favor of this arrangement the following facts may be urged.

It is an advantage to college training to relate it to life. The sooner a man knows what he is to do in life and gets at it the better. This being admitted, the fuller the preparation the better, provided the final goal is always kept in view. To make a first-rate surgeon the scalpel should be in use from youth onward. It need not be used on the human body, but the methods of histology and anatomy should be learned early and never allowed to fall into disuse. To put an embryo physician through four years of classics and mathematics, and then to turn him suddenly into dissection and clinic, is to invite failure. He has learned nothing of research in his college course, his hand has grown clumsy and his power of observation is dulled. To be a good physician he should have turned his whole college course in that direction—not that he should have had less of literature and the humanities, but that these should aid science, not displace it.

The Problem of the Specialist

A YOUNG man makes a better lawyer if he is a law student throughout his college course, for six or seven years, not merely for three at the end. Elementary law is in no sense an advanced study. It has a natural place in the college curriculum, with just as much right as economics or the history of philosophy, and to the ordinary college course the universities should relegate elementary law, physiology, histology, comparative anatomy, and all forms of science which are elementary and fundamental to professional research. When this is done four years will be none too long for general training, and the professional departments will deal with men prepared to do serious work, men worthy of the advantages the best libraries and laboratories can have to offer. Then, if the time is to be shortened, the result can be reached by the higher demands of the professional schools. It is absurd to call the department of law "a graduate school" when half its students are engaged with the *abc* of equity, a subject as elementary as plane geometry. Let elementary law go with elementary geometry. The advanced school can devote itself to advanced training, and a man who is to be a lawyer can think in terms of law throughout his college course. He will be a better lawyer for doing so, and his work being better related to life he will be in every other respect a better scholar on account of it.

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Talks with a Kid Brother

By Jesse Lynch Williams



The "Nicest Fellows"

WHEN I entered college I thought about half my classmates were freaks. Before graduation I found something to admire and a good deal to like in about all of them. Since then I've gone on the principle that a freak is a man I don't know. Familiarity breeds contempt—occasionally. But propinquity produces appreciation—more frequently.

Now, of course, I don't mean that every man you run up against is likely to prove just your sort. On the contrary, I will go so far as to say with Stevenson of an occasional type that bobs up now and then in business or play time—what was it Stevenson said of a certain prig? "I don't know what it is about that man, but somehow he arouses within me passions that would shame hell!" But these are merely the exceptions to prove the generalization that, however fastidious you may be, there are rather few human beings in this interesting world who are not worth knowing, and still fewer, however they grate upon you at times, who do not become more and more likable the better you become acquainted with them.

Every family is a unit. Each one of these classmates of yours represents a household which has just as well-established traditions and as much-worshiped Penates as in the ancient times, referred to in that open book there on the table which you ought to be reading now instead of indulging in the pleasure of hearing me talk. And of all the beneficial effects of college association, I sometimes think the best is that your moral, as well as your mental and social, horizon is broadened, your eyes are opened, your sympathies are extended by knowing and liking so many different sorts of fellows. Even if your family views of life and conduct are not modified, you are at least made to appreciate and tolerate the family views of other fellows. I do not say our way of looking at and doing things at home is not the best in the world, but, like almost every other family in the land, we are inclined to forget that there are other opinions, likewise regarded as the highest product of Christian civilization. Certainly it is worth while to take a look at other traditions, other Penates, other portraits—even though ours are, of course, the handsomest and most distinguished. Think of all the fellows who never would have the benefit of knowing—in the sense of understanding and appreciating—any but that small segment of society in which they happen to be born, if it were not for the propinquity and familiarity of college life. Take the case of young Dashwood.

Being a Philadelphian, Dashwood had been brought up to think it not only dangerous but wrong to know any but the sort of people his mother invited to her annual ball in January. When he came to college he quietly took for granted that he would receive his (Dashwood's) due just as he had at home from the boys at school, being Philadelphians. There was nothing arrogant about it: he was a rather modest fellow, a younger brother of superior Dashwoods; but he could not forget, even if he wanted to, that he, too, was a Dashwood. In this case it took more than mere hazing to readjust his ego; hazing he looked upon as a tribute to his being a Dashwood. "Naturally I have been horsed a good deal," he wrote home.

When the sophomores had finished with him he still went on the assumption that his own classmates would accord him what he considered no more than his just deserts—his full share, for instance, of the honors by popular election so dear to undergraduates. Why not? Had not the Dashwoods always been sought out for distinctions in Philadelphia? But would you believe it? many of these fellows had never heard of the Dashwoods before, and did not fancy the way this one said How-do-you-do. He was not even elected to the dance committee, though this was just the sort of thing he was suited for. All the earlier Dashwoods in college

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Williams' papers. The next will appear in an early number.

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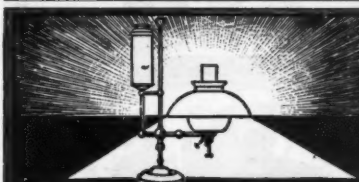
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John C. Moore, 171 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

had been prominent socially, if in no other
way.

His mother—she used to warn him every
week against letting any but "the nicest
fellows" cultivate his acquaintance—began
to feel sorry, not for her Willie, of course,
but grieved for the deplorable ignorance of
his classmates who did not seem to know a
Dashwood when they saw one. What was
the college coming to! She was interested in
the college; the Dashwoods had always
honored it with their patronage.

But note what happened. This shows that
not all the sturdy stuff in the Dashwood
blood had been spilt in the historic struggle
to prove that all men were born free and
equal. Instead of throwing a bluff at liking
his loneliness, and doing the proudly ex-
clusive act, after the manner of some of his
kind, it occurred to him that possibly the
fault lay in himself instead of in his class-
mates.

"To be sure—why should they like me,
anyway," he said, and "a great light broke
in upon him," as the lady novelists say, and
he saw himself and other boys as they really
were and not as they seemed to be. Then he
began cultivating the society of the quiet
fellows who really counted; and gained it in
time, when he deserved it. Became ambi-
tious and industrious, took a high standing
in his class, won respect by his independence,
tried for some more honors, missed one or
two, worked harder and earned several. By
the time he was graduated last year he was
one of the "big men" of the college, as I
believe you call them, and withal a great
upholder of the democratic spirit. That is
the most interesting phase of his develop-
ment to me. I understand that he used to
take down home for the week-end not those
classmates whom his sisters would call the
"nicest men," but friends of his who he
thought would most enjoy and benefit by a
Sunday at his mother's very complete country
place, worthy fellows in most cases, but
sometimes rather astonishing. His sisters
used to laugh about it with their friends
and blame it to his sociological fad, but his
mother took the blow pretty hard, wondered
which side of the family was to blame for the
taint of common blood, and prayed for
patience till the time of her son's graduation
—with which was to begin the gradual
reformation of the prodigal.

It would be diverting to observe how this
reformation business proceeds. Sooner or
later, I suppose, he will be reimprisoned in
Philadelphia society. But whether his
mother makes him live down his past or
not, he has learned a few things at college he
could have acquired at no other place and in
no other way, and they can't hurt him,
whatever he decides to do with his God-given
life.

You can see all sorts of people in travel,
you can find out about their history and
habits in books, but what you cannot get by
travel or reading is the close, personal touch,
the intimate first-hand impression. You can
only get at the personal equation by personal
contact. All of which might have been
summed up by repeating that the best study
of man is man, except that I wanted to bring
out the idea that, owing to the conditions of
your life and the age of those living it, you
have a great opportunity, here on this
campus, in these dormitories, for laying
down a good working foundation of a knowl-
edge of human nature—including your own.
Do not miss the opportunity. When you get
settled down in the world most of you will
fence yourselves off from one another by office
hours, business principles, sophistication
and wives. Now is the time.

I'm reminding you of this, because, you
see, you are by way of becoming one of
"the big men" of the college yourself, and
having arrived by a different route, I some-
times wonder if you are getting all that's
coming to you out of your college course.
No, I'm not going to jump on you for catch-
ing that condition in Physics. That's shop,
and I promised not to talk shop any more.
(Instead, I write it to you once a week.)

What do I refer to? Well, Little Tompkins
isn't one of the "big men," like you; I
know; he didn't even make a club, but his
brother is a dear friend of mine, and if the
kid Tompkins is anything like George, I'm
sorry you've missed each other. What's
that? You say you have nothing against
Tommy? A nice little chap? Only you
haven't time this year for anything. Well,
I hardly hoped that George's brother and
my brother would hit it off together.
Somehow the younger generation of friends
seldom do. It's like the marriages that
young mothers plan together over their
babies' clothes; they never come off. But

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Shortening the College Course

By Dr. William Mathews

ONE of the weaknesses of Americans is a love of "short cuts." Short cuts in travel, short cuts in education, short cuts to the learned professions, to mercantile callings, to wealth and to distinction are craved by thousands of young men who have no conception of the necessity or the time and toil required for laying broad and deep the foundations of their life-work. An extreme example of this was the woman in a Western State who wrote to a college professor, asking if he did not think she would be qualified to teach elocution if she should go there and take twelve lessons in the art.

Till recently the heads of our great schools have stoutly antagonized the "short-cut" theories of education. Great, therefore, was the surprise of American educators when the statement was made by the newspapers that the president, not of a young college, but of one of the oldest and most celebrated American universities—Columbia—had proposed a shortening of the college course, at least in some cases, and conferring the degree of A.B. on young men who have studied there but two years. The main reason given for the change is, we believe, that a young man who spends four years in college, before entering the professional school, is too late in entering upon a professional career.

Why is it too late, if a man enters upon a professional career at twenty-three, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age? Many of the ablest men in the country have graduated from college at later ages than these. The names of two able college presidents, and one very able president of a theological seminary, occur to us, who completed their college course at twenty-eight. An Englishman is quite content to enter upon a professional career at thirty. One of the chief justices of England did not begin the study of law till he was thirty-seven years old. Is it because the student cannot wait so long before beginning to earn money? Then let him enter college earlier, or shorten his professional course, rather than abridge his education as a man.

Cut down the college course to two years and it would be the merest mockery to call it a "liberal education." It has long been a complaint that, owing to the rapid growth of science the college curriculum is so loaded with studies that even in four years the student finds it difficult to master them. What, then, can be expected of him if he has but two years for the purpose? The advocates of shorter courses seem utterly to forget that time is an essential element in the acquisition of knowledge and in mental training.

If there is anything certain in education it is that, to make our acquisitions our own, and hold them fast in the memory, a period sufficiently long for the formation of mental associations between the newly-acquired information and that previously possessed must elapse, so that the new ideas may be linked with the old by suggestive chains. No new knowledge is really our own until it has been so turned over and over in the mind that it is not merely added to the old, but interpenetrates it, so that the old can scarcely come into "the sphere of consciousness" without bringing the new within it. In short, "education is growth, and growth depends, not on acquisition, but on assimilation;" and assimilation is a slow process which cannot be hurried.

In view of all this, we rejoice that Harvard University has announced that it has no intention of permitting its requirements for the degree of B. A. to be lowered. "It has no sympathy," says President Eliot in his last annual report, "with any efforts to lower the standard of the degree of bachelor of arts, or to substitute for it an inferior degree."

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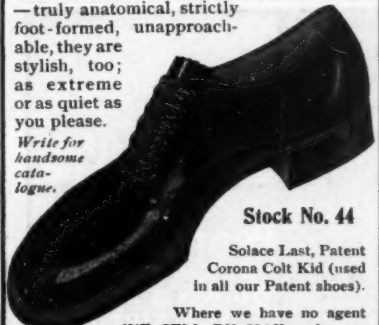
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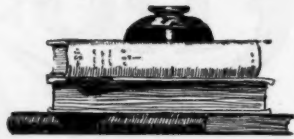
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work



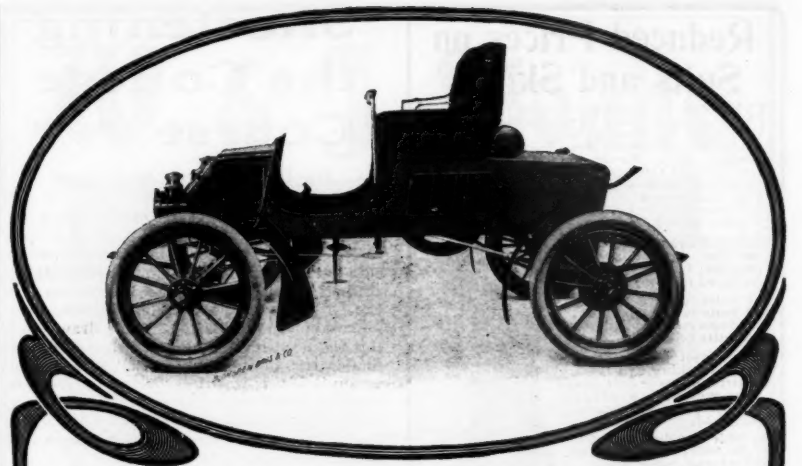
HIS OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND—Is it right to put him in a book? Professor Linn answers.

The same problem confronts the author, whether his intention leans toward adventure or philosophy—that is, whether he means simply to tell a story or to throw fresh light upon some one of the questions that life asks us all. That problem is, how to make the characters sufficiently vital to hold the interest of the reader. With this problem Stevenson had to struggle in writing *Treasure Island*, no less than Hardy in writing *Tess* of the D'Urbervilles, although the one book is only a thrilling roadside tale and the other a contribution to the doctrines of fatalism. No doubt a certain class of readers is satisfied, it is true, with the mere clash of swords and rattle of musketry; and there may be a few chilled souls who can enjoy a book written in accordance with the principles of a game at chess, where wooden figures are skilfully moved about to secure the attainment of a predetermined end. But most of us, even in our historical novels, want a man behind the gun; most of us insist that if life is a game, it is not a game of chess but a game of football. Granted the author's problem, then, the next question is, where is he to find his characters? Is he—to make matters specific—justified in sketching his friends and acquaintances? Yes, and no.

We may as well take for granted that no man was ever so great a genius as to imagine a new trait of character. If any man did imagine one, its presentation would necessarily be ineffective, because no reader would recognize it, and therefore it would be, in the best sense, untrue to life. That character is most effective which makes the widest appeal; which is seen to be kinsman to the greatest number of us. We sympathize with Hamlet, because in him Shakespeare shows us with almost superhuman skill the essential tragedy of that indecision of soul that we all have, to a greater or less degree, in ourselves. Romeo and Juliet will be immortal because they are great actors in a drama that is always playing in our own hearts. If we ourselves did not hesitate, did not love, we should not care for Hamlet or for Juliet. The author sees, in himself and in those around him, certain impulses and feelings, braveries and doubts, and the best that he can do is to endow his characters with these. He does so. He takes the daring of one, the simplicity of another, the affectation of a third, combines them, calls the result a man, puts it in a certain situation, and bids it speak and act. His success in literature depends upon two things—the poignancy of his situations and the psychological accuracy of his guesses at his character's speech and action. In this fashion, we may be absolutely confident, Homer drew Thersites and Hardy drew Tess. There is no other way.

If the author goes further, takes one of his acquaintances as a whole, or, worse still, takes as a whole the worst side of one of his acquaintances, and presents it without any disguise, he does, no doubt, an ungentlemanly thing. Dickens was ungentlemanly when he caricatured Leigh Hunt in Harold Skimpole. Of course, this statement does not apply to the honest attempt to reproduce figures of past history, such as Thackeray makes in Esmond or Churchill in Richard Carvel. Fidelity to personality is in such a case one of the demands we make upon the author. But to pillory a living man, to set him up, recognizable, before the public gaze, is ungentlemanly.

Unfortunately, authors will continue to do it. For it is, in the first place, easy. Each of us knows many a person with latent, or even obvious, possibilities of drama in the relation of his character to actual events. The temptation to reproduce him, character, events and all, is often strong. And, in the second place, speaking only from the point of view of art, of craftsmanship, it seems to me entirely permissible. There is



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no reason why such a figure as, for instance, that of Cecil Rhodes should not, if adequately presented in fiction, be of permanent and surpassing interest. That it offers grave difficulties Mr. Morley Roberts showed by his bad failure in *The Colossus*; and any model which offers grave difficulties tickles the ambition of the artist. Again, the trend of the world's thought to-day seems businessward. Therefore it is inevitable that the type of great business man will be given a place in fiction, as the type of great captain has been in the past. Harold Frederic tried his hand in *The Market-Place*; Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne tried his in *Thompson's Progress*. Both of those gentlemen endeavored to create a type—not a character who was unique, but one who was the essence, the exponent, of a class. Had they chosen rather to draw some individual man they might have succeeded just as well, and against their craftsmanship we should have had not a word to say; but of their ethics and their courtesy we might have had our own opinions.

—James Weber Linn.

FRIEND PAUL—A man with the qualities of the original boy—wholesome and impulsive.

When some of us, who now are gray, were young folks, a new story-teller began to talk in the world, and the facts which he told us were more strange and incredible than the fables of Scheherazade or Grimm. When he was a boy of sixteen, his father, a French planter in Louisiana, sent him as supercargo on one of his ships, which was to bring back skins and ivory from the African coast. Some of the vessels that sailed in their company carried on a blacker trade. Under their battened hatches went on mysteries of torture and murder which the boy soon understood. He loathed the business. His hands and soul were clean of it, be sure of that.

He always had a curious liking and fellowship for the negro, the red man—for all wild races. The woods called to him—the mysterious unknown secret quarters of the earth. He plunged into them with a boyish delight and utter ignorance of technical Anthropology.

In the old maps of Africa of that day you will find a vast tract of blank yellow filling the whole centre, and marked Unexplored Region. Into this Mystery went Paul du Chaillu with his beads and his gun, a chubby, cheerful boy with a friendly hand outstretched to every savage. It is a short story. He crossed unhurt from sea to sea, leaving wondering black friends behind him. He discovered the tribes of pygmies and the gorilla. Coming back to civilization he told his strange story. We all read it as a fairy tale; Royal Geographical Societies brutally rejected it as a lie.

Years afterward, when the truth of his story was proved, they recanted, but they never did him justice.

That was a half a century ago, but in all of that time Friend Paul, as those who knew him loved to call him, remained the same clean-minded, affectionate, eager boy, always finding depths of goodness or power in his friends which nobody else suspected.

Now and then, in every generation and country, there starts up a man with the qualities of the original Boy. He thrusts custom and precedent aside. He gets to the heart of things. His tears are wet, his laugh rings true and hearty. He stirs up wholesome longings and ambitions in every man and woman whom he meets. The dullest, most perfunctory slave of fashion grows human with him. When he laughs you laugh; when he is in trouble there is an angry ache at your heart that will not down. He may be learned in books and gray with experience, but at heart he is forever the boy who trusts and is trusted by all who are of his kind in the earth.

Why is it that the world invariably loves this kind of man but does not take him seriously?

He does not, it is true, accept its rules nor its scale of values. He does not care to make money; he never has asked whether he has a right to join the Sons of the Revolution or whether his wife is in the exclusive set in the town or not.

But his work has sometimes been of the highest. Walter Scott was of this class of men, and Clay, and Robert Emmet, and Francis of Assisi, and the Apostle John. The supercilious world accepts the work but regards the impulsive worker with a pity almost contemptuous.

The cat, we remember, said to the ugly duck, "Can you purr like me?" And the hen asked, "Can you lay eggs like me?" "No? Then," they cried, "of what earthly use are you in the world!"

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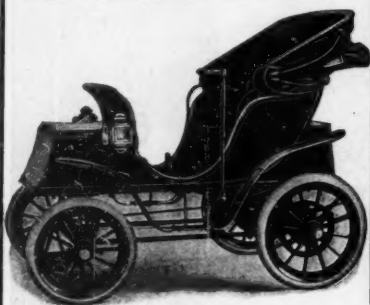
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The Correspondence College



By George Herbert Fisher

POVERTY," significantly remarks Ouida, "is a kind of blindness. We can only grope through life when we are poor, hitting and maiming ourselves against every angle." The blindness of poverty is due to its ignorance of ways and means that, were it educated, it might utilize. A system, such as that of the correspondence schools, that enables the poor and those in moderate circumstances to secure efficiency through knowledge, is a step in the onward progress of civilization.

The need of technical training for the workers is as old as the New World. "We are at Pains to make boys Scholars, but not Men," said William Penn, two centuries ago; "to talk rather than to know. We press their Memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules; to know Grammar and Rhetoric, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one will never be useful to them; Leaving their natural Genius to Mechanical and Physical, or Natural Knowledge uncultured and neglected. Many Gardiners and Husbandmen are yet Ignorant of the Reason of their Calling; as most Artificers are of the Reason of their own Rules that govern their excellent Workmanship." It was not for over two hundred years after this was written that facilities were provided to fill the want indicated by William Penn.

Some of Those Who Benefit

A contracting carpenter told me recently that he had just had two opportunities that he would like to have seized, but could not; to draw the plans for one house and to make up the specifications for another.

"I had to lose both jobs," said he, "because I could not draw a plan to scale and hadn't learned to make out masonry specifications."

"I am going to take a correspondence course in architecture," he continued; adding regretfully, "but the fees on those two jobs alone would nearly have paid for the course."

This indicates the classes whom William Penn wished to better and whom the correspondence courses benefit in greatest numbers—men who are at a point in their work where further advancement is blocked by lack of education. Those for whom the correspondence schools were specifically designed are included in three great classes: first, mechanics whom the advancing requirements of the trades have overtaken and who need instruction therein, to keep from falling into the widening ranks of common labor; second, people whom circumstances, or poor judgment, have placed in occupations where they cannot possibly succeed and who need to change to work suited to their abilities; and, lastly, boys and girls who desire to enter occupations, preparation for which is ordinarily made in technical or professional schools, but who cannot afford to lose the time or spend the money requisite for residence courses of study.

To educate these classes in the theory of the trades and professions the correspondence schools sprang into being in the early nineties, and have grown with a vigor reminding one of Jack and the Bean Stalk. In 1891, when the first courses by mail were offered, adapted to the requirements of miners and mechanical workers, the hitherto potential demand of the people for opportunity to secure technical education became an active one, and from one solitary student by mail the number has risen to half a million; and the correspondence system of education has accomplished and is doing a work in the educational scheme of the country as needful in its sphere as that of the public schools, colleges and technical schools is in theirs.

The number of institutions and individuals offering correspondence courses of study is two hundred or more. They range all the

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There are two principal methods of instruction employed by the leading correspondence institutions. The colleges and universities giving such courses require their correspondence students to study from the regular college textbooks. Professors or tutors direct the students by means of a syllabus and by lectures upon the books, and secure thoroughness through an occasional "quiz," or examination. The faculty of the University of Chicago are particularly enthusiastic over the results attained there by the correspondence method. Dr. C. A. McMurray, Professor of Pedagogy, says: "Those who took my course by correspondence did three times as effective work and gained three times as much satisfaction for themselves as those who took it in the classroom." And President Harper and others of the University faculty are equally enthusiastic over correspondence instruction as carried on at their institution. This method of instruction appeals to those classes who already possess considerable education, such as clergymen and teachers, but who desire to keep abreast of current progress or to work for advanced degrees. It is not, however, adapted to the needs of the comparatively uneducated, because the average textbook necessarily presupposes an amount of education not possessed by any large proportion of the people.

How the Courses are Laid Out

The other method, employed by the typical great correspondence schools, is to employ experts in the lines in which courses are to be given, who prepare complete courses of study, from arithmetic up to the most advanced subjects. Only such classes of mathematics are embodied as are needed to utilize effectively the formulas and processes employed in actual work, for it is necessary to abridge the courses in this respect in order to meet the requirements of men who have only an hour or two a day for study. The courses of study are divided into relatively short lessons, accompanied by sets of test questions which the student answers and mails to the school, proceeding with the next lesson while his answers are being corrected at the school. The corrected answers are returned to the student with personal suggestions as to how to strengthen himself on weak points. A high standard of thoroughness is maintained, ninety per cent. being the minimum passing mark. The courses of study are models of conciseness and completeness, and it is to their excellence that the great success of the correspondence system of instruction is to be attributed.

Judged by results there is not so much difference between an education obtained by this method and that gained in a technical residence course. Some of the most important positions, for example, in the development of the great trolley systems throughout the country, requiring the services of employees capable of filling the positions of mechanical and electrical engineers, are filled by men who have not the dignity of a college diploma, and filled most creditably, too. The retiring president of the national association of the officials of electric-light companies states that the man in whose judgment in mechanical matters he puts most reliance, in matters of greatest importance, got his entire education in the practical work of the shop with a correspondence course in electrical engineering to complete it. On every hand are to be found men in the important positions of mechanical, electrical, civil and mining engineers, doing effective work, whose technical education was obtained in correspondence courses in engineering.

Drafting occupies a large place in the list of occupations entered by the correspondence method, and the army of invasion trained in the new system of education is pressing into other vocations, such as chemistry, architecture, designing, telegraphy and telephony,



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entrance into which always, hitherto, pre-supposed training at a residence school. In the future it is to be expected that, in a larger measure than before, men from the shop and the field will be found occupying the higher positions in engineering, because the correspondence system has placed them at a less disadvantage with their brothers from the engineering schools than in the past, a fact that the people who cannot go to college have not been slow to recognize.

Captains of industry have taken very kindly to the correspondence system of instruction in engineering and the trades. It gives them an unprecedented opportunity to increase the effectiveness of their expenditure for labor. The lack of efficiency has been felt more than is generally known. One large concern that accepted a heavy job of a kind a little out of the common, some time ago, was able to put but two men on it; the superintendent and a foreman were the only ones out of several hundred who had enough technical and practical training to do the work required. A railroad master mechanic remarked recently that, if he could do it, he would have every man in his employ take a correspondence course along the lines of his work. The vice-president of a railroad bought ten courses for subordinates in the civil engineering division of his railroad.

Not all employers furnish courses for their employees, but a great many advise their men to take them. Many concerns furnish study-rooms or drafting-rooms better equipped than many regular drafting offices. A leading manufacturing company at Dayton, Ohio, is one among many that encourages clubs of students, and it equips a clubroom for their use. In cities where there are many correspondence students, the students have organized clubs of their own for mutual improvement. Clubrooms are rented and furnished with blackboards and study-tables, where the members can meet, discuss their studies, and help one another to the successful completion of their courses.

Of Interest to Employers

In the railroad business the results of correspondence instruction are apparent, and especially so to those on "the inside." It always seemed to be difficult for engineers and firemen to master the mysteries of combustion, the action of steam, and the adjustment of the steam mechanism and appliances; the little points were missed that go for the greatest economy of operation. The companies, therefore, welcomed the opportunity of securing savings that would help out the dividend sheet, and it was not long after the preparation of courses for railroad men that the advantage of employing correspondence graduates was manifest. Within a year after one of the well-known railroads had its engineers and firemen take courses, the general manager said: "We are using twenty per cent. less coal and fifty per cent. less oil than before our engineers and firemen took these courses." The courses are a good thing, also, for the men in their struggle for advancement. At one general examination for promotion on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad a large percentage of the firemen coming before the board of examiners were correspondence students, and every one of those who had made good records in their courses of study passed successfully, with a high mark.

Among the functions of the ordinary college or technical school is that of an employment bureau. The best students are recommended for positions. One of the technical schools this year secured situations for its entire graduating class. The correspondence school acts in the same capacity for its best students, securing, yearly, better positions for thousands of students. The presentation of a diploma in a course by mail is the "open sesame" to many drafting-rooms and mechanical or electrical shops. The thorough student, by whatever system taught, makes the most desirable employee.

It is impossible for any one to gain an idea of the work done by a great correspondence school, or the spirit in which it is carried on, until he visits the institution, or, at least, comes into touch with those helped by it. The working classes are thoroughly familiar with this class of schools and justly consider them the greatest boon ever offered. The correspondence school made its advent just in the nick of time, when advances in industrial methods were so rapid and changes so complete that, even for mechanics, success was impossible without a certain degree of knowledge, and when it had become "Educate or perish." Happily, American genius promptly supplied the deficiency.



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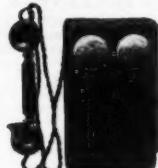
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System in business is protection from snarls—protection from knotty, vexatious complications—protection from the little nuisances that waste time and money. The trivial troubles are the ones that keep you from getting things done. True system is automatic insurance against them. This page describes some of the appliances which smooth the way to a well-systematized business. These appliances save watching—save worrying. Read this page carefully. A convenient coupon in the lower right-hand corner will bring more detailed information without cost.

An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other phones and some features found in no other phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.



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Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them in your business.



Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims—but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.



There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. McCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCLOUD Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.



For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. It bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13.



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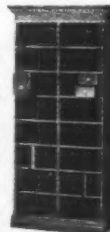
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A postal scale is not a luxury—it is a necessity. The greater the amount of mail, the more actual necessity it becomes. The owner of a PELOUSE "MAIL & EXPRESS" SCALE will save its cost in a short time, and the heavier and larger his mail is the shorter the time will be. It tells the exact cost of postage on all mail matter. It weighs express packages up to 26 lbs.—every scale is warranted. Whether your mail list is large or small, it will help you to cut down your stamp bill, as well as facilitate the handling of mail. Catalog 10 will give you useful information about Reliable Postal Scales. Ask for it on the coupon.



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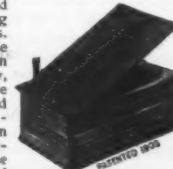


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A Democratic Monarch

THE Duke of Bavaria is a zither player of uncommon ability and often wanders out into the woods where he can enjoy undisturbed the charm of music.

One day, when he had found a secluded nook and was absorbed in his favorite pastime, some passing peasants, attracted by the music, made their way to him.

"You play well," said the leader as the Duke, becoming aware of the presence of intruders, laid down his instrument; "if you will follow us to the inn yonder and give us a few tunes we will see that you do not want for food and drink."

"At your service," said the amused monarch, rising and joining the rustic crowd.

Once at the inn he was made to play every song he knew while the peasants applauded loudly and insisted on his drinking bumper after bumper of the rich, foaming beer.

It was nearing sundown when the Duke rose to leave.

"I must go now," he said. "I am expected in Munich before night."

"Just one more tune," shouted the crowd, "the Duke's Waltz, and we let you go."

He hesitated.

"Twenty sous for the waltz," continued the speaker, laying down a coin on the table.

The Duke smiled and played the waltz; then he pocketed the money and, with a farewell to the merry party, he left.

No sooner was he outside than the innkeeper, who had recognized the monarch and had only kept his peace because warned to by a sign, hastened to the peasants.

"Have you fools any idea of who the person was that you treated like a common street fiddler?"

"Not the slightest," answered one; "but he is certainly a great musician. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Why, it is the Duke, in person."

With a bound every man was on his feet and rushed after his sovereign begging his forgiveness.

"No apologies," said the Duke merrily.

"You gave me more pleasure with your sincere appreciation than I have ever had before, and the money is the first I have ever earned. Go back without fear; and to prove I am not angry I will come again and play for you and we will again drink together."

When the President Tramps

RESIDENTS of Washington who take their outings in carriages and auto-vehicles wonder why in all their trips, particularly along the suburban roads of the Capital, they have never encountered President Roosevelt. They have seen him frequently on his favorite mounts, but never afoot.

That the Chief Magistrate goes out walking every available opportunity when he is in Washington is known. And stories are told of how he returns, his shoes and clothing giving unmistakable evidence of a long and vigorous tramp.

The President seldom, if ever, starts out afoot from the White House. When determined on a long walk he is driven to some point in the wooded environs of the city, where, after dismissing the driver, he disappears, returning many hours later, sometimes with dust, cobwebs, grass stains and forest mould from head to foot.

Dr. Gifford Pinchot and other scientists who sometimes accompany the President can readily explain why eager carriage riders never enjoy meeting him. It is simply because he strikes right out through the woods and across fields, turning aside from every beaten path. There is scarcely any part of the beautiful woodlands within a day's tramp from the White House with which the President has not already become familiar. With special particularity he has located many fine springs. These halting-places for refreshing drinks have proved the salvation of several statesmen who in rash moments have put themselves in the way to be invited to share a walking trip with the President. To bolt straight up a hill thick with laurel and hazel underbrush and tangled with wild blackberry vines is a trying ordeal, particularly for men unaccustomed to exercise.

What Education Means

IN THIS work-a-day world an education does not mean a Latin parchment from some college, or a few learned phrases stored up in one's head. It means, instead, a fund of useful facts that may be used in one's business. It means the practical mastery of one's trade or profession. It means a general alertness about what has happened and what is happening in the world's affairs.

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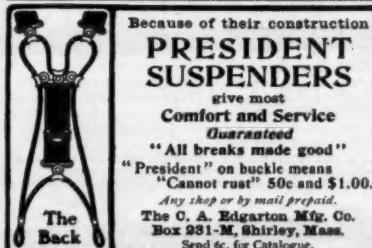
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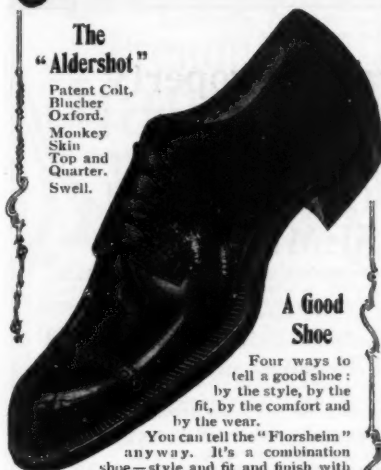
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Top and
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Swell.



A Good Shoe

Four ways to tell a good shoe: by the style, by the fit, by the comfort and by the wear.

You can tell the "Florsheim" anyway. It's a combination shoe—style and fit and finish with comfort and ease and service. One right now for your foot—and right for your foot.

You could pay \$8 to \$12 to a custom-shoemaker for the same shoe and not get better satisfaction.

Most styles sell for \$5.00—"Florsheim" woven in the strap, or stamped in the sole.

Look for the sign of a dealer who sells the "Florsheim" shoe—it's the sure sign of a safe shoe. Send to-day for

1903 Booklet Free

"The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting."

Florsheim & Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Sometimes the President has his carriage meet him at the end of his outing, but usually the itinerary is too uncertain for that, and those who watch the White House grounds narrowly have the pleasure toward nightfall of seeing the strenuous Chief Magistrate return. He still at such time has his vigorous step, but frequently his comrades limp or betray other symptoms of fatigue.

Potato Precedence

DOWN in Cochran, Georgia, the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer.

One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened uneasily for a time, with growing unrest, every now and then casting a quick glance through the nearest window. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper-weight, and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called cheerily, "excuse me for interrupting you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's suah goin' to rain this evenin', gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you-all 'I find my decision under this heah paper-weight."

And the door closed upon an astonished orator.

Fame and Fate

By Edmund Vance Cooke

"WORK for the world, but art for me!
I shall win my way with the brush," said she.

She studied art; she studied it hard;
She painted canvases, yard on yard
(For "Art is long," as I'm sure you've heard),
Two strokes, or three
For a blasted tree
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird.
But "art" is sometimes purest gold,
And sometimes merest gilding—
So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,
By scrubbing a New York building.

"The world may dig in the dark," said he,
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me."
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,
He screamed the scream
Of Aram's Dream,
And he groaned the groan of The Polish Boy.
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q.
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow.

"Love for the common, but mine is fame!"
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."
Corrupting English, she called it "verse."
While "poetry" graded somewhat worse.
"Now flies my love
As doth the dove
Which mounts to feathery clouds above.
Its cryptic cry apace doth haste
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."
Ah, "Art is long" (in sad endurance)
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance.
And now, wherever the English tongue
Is put into print her praise is sung,
For she was cured of manifold ills
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills.

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"
He said, "is filled with the art divine.
Music may lead me whither she may;
I toil at the ivories day by day
Till the world shall gather when I shall play."
He practiced in every conceivable key—
Rumplety, tumpety, tank tank, tee;
Rippletty, skippletty, lol-la-lee!
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort
That the artist himself is sometimes short,
So the world does gather to watch him play
As he fingers the ivories day by day
In a billiard hall in Santa Fe.



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Rubifoam

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To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise

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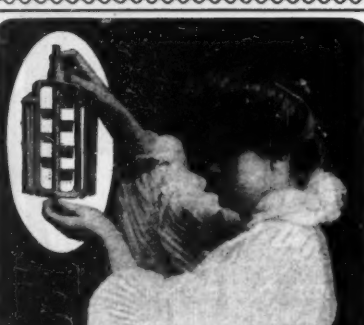
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15 to 33% Saved
on every ice bill besides the economy in provisions! Send to us for little booklet "10," which tells all about it. At all first-class hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.
SAVIN ICE PAD COMPANY
1023 Filbert St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A NEW FUTURE FOR THE POTATO—It finds its way to the table in a thousand and one unrecognized forms.

GLUCOSE is one of the many things that owe their existence to the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte. His continental blockade created a demand for a product that could be used as a substitute for sugar. Starch subjected to the action of sulphuric acid yielded the desired commodity. The dextrose, of which glucose chiefly consists, was first made from grapes. In 1819 Beaumont obtained it from vegetable fibre, or cellulose, such as linen rags and sawdust, by the action of sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid is still used in the process, but linen rags and sawdust have given way to potatoes and corn.

Scientists are devoting much attention to the manufacture of glucose in the United States, where it has become a very extensive industry. Millions of people in America consume glucose, most of them without knowing it. It is used as a substitute for barley-malt in the brewing of certain brands of beer. It is employed as coloring matter for liquors. Some kinds of wine are made from it. It is the basis of some brands of vinegar. Bakers use it in certain varieties of cakes. In the preparation of sauces it is widely used. It imparts flavor to canned meats. It is used in the preparation of chewing tobacco. Jellies and jams abound with it. Artificial honey its made of glucose. It is valuable in the manufacture of ink. Stranger still, it is employed in the manufacture of printers' rollers.

Nor does that list cover the range of its utility. As a food product it is not deleterious when properly extracted. The one criticism made by Government inspectors is that glucose in many instances is substituted for more expensive sugar, which is regarded as a fraud, unless its presence is in some way indicated to the purchaser.

In Germany and France glucose is made from potatoes; in America from Indian corn. It is the opinion of the Department of Agriculture that in the near future the glucose industry in the United States will pass from the Indian-corn belt to the potato and cassava belt, and that this move will cause great wealth to flow into Florida and other Southern States. The cassava (*Manihot aipi*) is the tuber from which tapioca is made.

If care is taken in the somewhat complicated processes by which the glucose of commerce is extracted it is not injurious. The deaths in England of many people who had drunk ale made of beer brewed with glucose were due to the faulty and careless methods of manufacture. That a well-regulated manufacture of glucose is destined to become one of the most important industries in the United States is recognized as an assured fact, and the prediction of Government scientists that the potato and the cassava will supplant Indian corn as the raw product is a matter of vital concern to agriculturists.

THE MUSICIAN'S AMANUENSIS—A mechanical contrivance that will take down the composer's improvisations.

THERE died recently in the Orient an American Consul who was the composer of a number of highly successful ballads. He did not, himself, write the scores. The melodies came to him naturally, but for the technical skill in harmonizing them he called upon professional musicians.

Despite the success of his published songs it was conceded that something of their witchery was lost in transcription. It is the confession likewise of composers who write their own creations that frequently the strains they improvise are inadequately caught in the mechanical labor of writing down the notes.

In perfecting a new apparatus for recording music the inventor is confident that an innovation is at hand in the art of musical composition. With this new system the composer may improvise on the piano and at the end possess a faithful score of his creation. Not a note is lost and the important element of time is recorded with utmost precision.

In principle the recording apparatus employs some of the essentials of typewriting. Rods actuated by springs are combined with the keys of a piano. Connected with the rods are pivotal levers whose points are made to strike against an ink-ribbon and



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65 new homes built in GRANTWOOD in the last 2 years and 22 at MORSEMERE within last 12 months. Lots similar to those sold in 1899 for \$450.00 now selling at \$950.00. Values have doubled and should double again in another 3 years.

Lots at MORSEMERE, \$350. to \$700. At GRANTWOOD, \$700. to \$2,000. (all lots 25 x 100); as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from \$4,000. to \$20,000. each. EASY PAYMENTS: \$15. down and \$5. monthly, for lots under \$700.

These properties have already proven their profit possibilities; but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment (as determined by the price at which we are selling similar lots at that time) we will refund the entire cash paid us, with interest at 6 per cent.

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The Arnold Steam Cooker will cook a large meal—meat, vegetables, dessert, over one stove hole—with no more attention than you give a teakettle—and the meat will be the tenderest, the vegetables the most appetizing, the dessert the most delightful you ever ate—and your kitchen cool all the time. The

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leave the note record on ruled impression slips. The length of the mark printed depends upon the length of time the operator holds the piano key depressed. At the left of the strip of paper, which is carried on reels, cross lines divide the music into bars of four-four time, and to the right of the centre into bars of three-four time, and to the extreme right, still narrower measures of two-four time, these measure lines being printed by the tilting of a bar in the operations of the device.

In guiding this printing bar a series of lugs and disks are engaged. A spring-motor drives the strip of paper and the ink-ribbon. The whole device with its gear-wheels, levers, etc., is attached to the under part of the frame of a piano. Paper specially prepared with longitudinal lines is used, the treble and bass clef being distinguished each by combinations of double lines. Continuous single lines correspond to the white keys, and dotted lines to the black keys.

FOR BOILERS WITH HOT LIVERS—A new specific which repairs the effects of bad boiler drink.

FROM leguminous plants a chemist has produced a compound which promises its discoverer a fortune and is likely to be of great value to the owner and operator of every steam engine in the world. It is a solution which, under practical tests, has had unprecedented success, it is asserted, in removing the dangerous accumulation of scale, which, with bad water, forms in all steam generators.

Ever since steam power was discovered the problem of removing alkaline and saline deposits in boilers has taxed the ingenuity of chemists and engineers. To prevent dangerous accumulation of this incrustation requires scientific vigilance, for the accretions, if left undisturbed, would finally congest the boiler and bring about explosion.

A wide variety of solutions and substances is employed, including penetrating oils like kerosene and eucalyptus oil. On coastwise and Southern river steamers, engineers sometimes make ingenious use of sugar and potato parings in fighting boiler scale. A Chicago firm of chemists analyze water sent them from any locality and prepare a compound intended to make special chemical warfare on the sulphate, lime or other deposits found in boilers using that particular quality of water.

In spite of many years of effort the problem seems to be a constant one. In Peking the United States Government is constructing a Legation building, and one of the serious questions that confronts Mr. Sid H. Nealy, the architect sent out by the Treasury Department, is the prevention of deposits which the alkaline waters of that district will cause in the boilers and steam-heating appliances of the structure.

The discoverer of the new remedy says that in the case of a locomotive boiler that had become nearly unworkable, on account of the stubborn accumulation of scale, practically the whole of the deposit was removed from the tubes and other portions by adding about one pound, or half a kilogram, of his absorbent material to the feed-water of the boiler once every twenty-four hours for six days. He reports that at the end of that time the scale fell in a soft pulverulent precipitate to the bottom of the boiler, whence it was readily removed by blowing off.

"If that compound will clean an incrustated boiler out in less than a week, the inventor has a big fortune at hand," said a mechanical engineer in charge of one of the largest Government plants in Washington. "The very best solution we have ever had would not do the work in less than four months. What is claimed for this new process is really a scientific discovery of world-wide importance."

The new compound is extracted from leguminous plants, preferably from those of the sub-order *papilionaceae*, which are readily obtained. Tares, vetches, lentils and peas are included in this family. Stalk, root, leaves, pod and seed are all used. Plants are gathered while full of sap. After the plants are dried and cut up the mass is subjected to calcium hydrate and sodium carbonate to remove the soluble matter. Various processes of concentration and filtration follow until a powerful vegetable casein is produced. For the trade it is concentrated to a strong solution and then mixed with dry moss or peat or other porous and easily powdered material. The extract is to be used in varying quantities to suit individual requirements. In a clean boiler a very small portion added once in every twenty-four hours to the feed-water tank will, it is claimed, effectually keep the inner surface free from scale.

It is expected that the Federal Government will give the compound a thorough trial.

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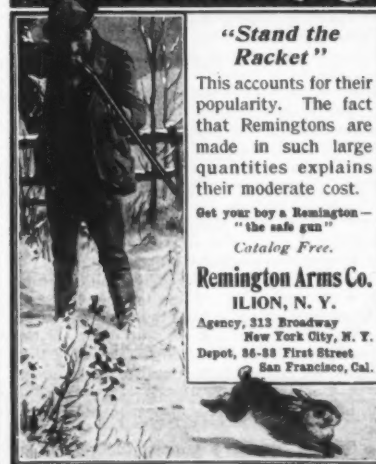
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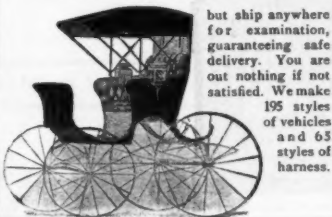


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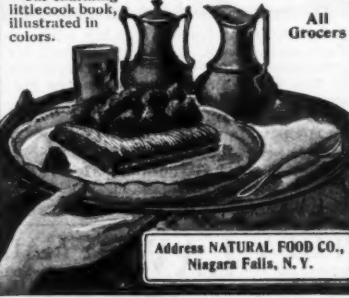
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the sound of a mighty voice. Pedestrians on Fifth Avenue halted in wonderment and stood spellbound at the open window. Amazed guests at adjoining tables ceased their conversation and stared at the Senator. Waiters hovered in the offing, puzzled to know whether this was a case for the police or to be discreetly ignored.

Through it all, the owner of the voice continued his oration, utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Just then Senator Stewart had conceived an intense dislike for William Jennings Bryan, and most of the "signed statement" was devoted to an attack on the apostle of free silver. It was a most unhappy half-hour for the writer. Stewart held a red bandanna handkerchief in one large hand and with the other he emphasized every well-rounded sentence by bringing his fist down on the arm, the writing arm, of the seeker for "signed statements."

With the red bandanna waving in the air, the Senator uppeccat Bryan with forensic fury, buffeted him in thunderous tones, challenged him in accents of deep disdain to disprove any assertion made in the interview, and with a final burst of eloquence threw him heavily to earth and left him to his fate.

Then Stewart wiped his forehead on the red bandanna and blandly smiled around at Society. And Society, by that time having grasped the situation, smiled back at the Senator. The "signed statement" was never printed, it may be of interest to know.

When former Governor Stone, of Missouri, was assisting in the Democratic campaign in New York he was sought for a "signed statement." He was considered an oracle on the subject of labor troubles, having once assisted in settling a strike, and his views, over his signature, were wanted on the ever-present labor problem. I found it was necessary to separate Mr. Stone from the Democratic Headquarters before he could be induced to contribute to current literature on the subject of strikes; and so, when the Governor flitted to Manhattan Beach for a short respite from campaign troubles, I was at his heels. I have seldom seen a man more dismayed than was Mr. Stone when he learned that he was expected to sign his name to the interview. Strange to say, it did not seem to suggest itself to him that he might tell the interviewer to go about his business.

"What!" said Mr. Stone. "Do you mean that the article is to be printed as my own?"

He seemed to be thunderstruck at the suggestion. But when convinced that there was no way out of it, Mr. Stone lit a big black cigar, and with the air of a man resigned to the inevitable dictated a labor article that was printed later in many of the leading papers of the country, and was without doubt one of the most able essays on the labor question ever written at such short notice.

What Tom Reed was Paid

There was a time when Tom Reed would allow his name to be used with articles that were not originally written for that purpose. In his Congressional days he thought more lightly of literary productions than when he became a lawyer in private practice. I had had some experience with Mr. Reed in Washington, when he would good-naturedly hand out something intended for a speech, but for some reason not used, and allow it to be printed with his name attached. With this knowledge of Tom Reed I thought, when sent by a Philadelphia newspaper to New York with an offer of three hundred dollars for a short article, that the ex-Speaker would gladly respond. To my surprise, however, I found that Tom Reed's opinion of the value of his literary productions had greatly changed since the Washington days.

"That sum doesn't interest me at all," said Mr. Reed in his slow, emphatic way. "I am paid a thousand dollars for every article I write. Why any one should consider my writings worth so much I am constantly at a loss to know. But it is not my business to inquire too closely into that. I only know that I have a standing offer of one thousand dollars for every article I like to write, so I see no reason to take three hundred dollars." The argument was unanswerable, so one apparently well-baited hook failed to land a "signed statement."

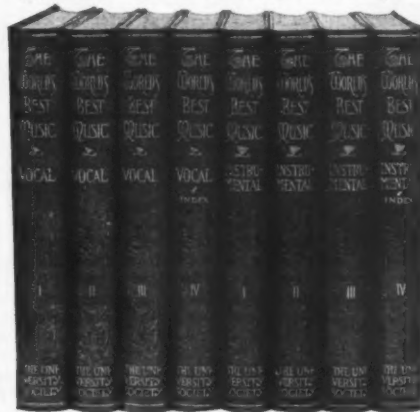
The Duke of Newcastle was "Very Nice"

During a former visit of the Duke of Newcastle I was commissioned to get a "signed statement" from him on the attitude of the English people toward the Established Church. I found the Duke sitting with his entourage, a rather melancholy-looking group of young Englishmen. The Duke himself, a

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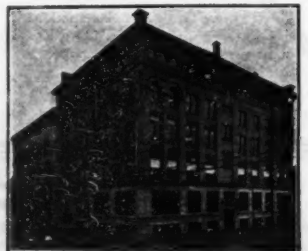
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shy, nervous little man, seemed flattered by the request for a signed story. He evidently stood in great awe of the American newspaper man. But no art could wrench from him sufficient material for a story of the requisite length. So I wound up a most unsatisfactory hour's questioning by saying I would write something for him and bring it the next day. The Duke and his solemn-looking companions listened with great gravity while the story was being read.

"That's very nice," was the only comment the Duke made at the end of the reading. His companions, who evidently took their cue from him in everything, nodded a solemn assent, and so in due time the story appeared over the signature "Newcastle," and was doubtless considered a very fine sample of the "signed statement."

Alexander Bell is Deficient in Humor

Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, proved a singular personage in the matter of appointments. I approached him for a "signed statement" during one of his flying trips to New York. It was a bitter cold night in December, snowing hard, and exceedingly trying to the wayfarer. I saw Bell about eight o'clock in the evening, and had roseate hopes of leaving him with the story in my possession by ten at the latest.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Bell, "I shall be pleased to talk to you on the subject. But I am engaged now. Come back again. Er—let me see—about three o'clock in the morning I shall be disengaged and shall be glad to give you an hour or two."

Bell evidently has no sense of humor, for the extraordinary hour named for the appointment was fixed without comment or explanation.

Out into the snow went the writer and three hours after midnight was at the hotel again, expecting to learn that Mr. Bell had gone to bed or left for Washington. But there was Mr. Bell, wide-awake and smiling. With the assistance of several cigars he "gave up" the story. He also volunteered the information that he did most of his work in the small hours of the morning and much preferred the night to the day as a time for wakefulness.

President Patton, of Princeton, was much in demand by the anglers for "signed statements." But to all he returned the same answer: "My price is so much. Will your paper pay it? If not, then don't waste my time."

A brother divine who at that time was more sought after by newspaper men than he is to-day, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, was once asked for a "signed statement." It was during the period of anti-vice activity in which Tammany Hall indulged. Doctor Parkhurst was to write about the crusade and incidentally say what he thought about Tammany's sudden accession of virtue.

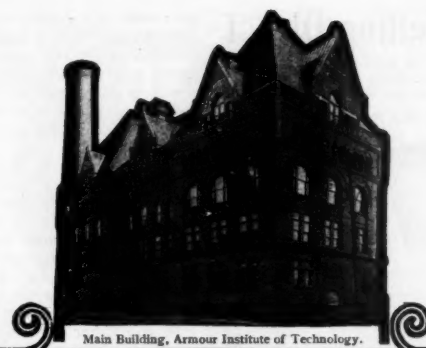
I was "gunning" for larger game at the time and deputed a fellow-scribe to see Parkhurst. He brought back a glowing story. So beautifully emphatic was it that I wonder now my suspicions were not aroused. It was sent in, however, and the magazine for which it was intended, having occasion to question something in the story, sent a man to Doctor Parkhurst with the manuscript. The reverend reformer promptly denied giving out any statement at all. The magazine held me responsible, so I called at the parsonage.

Simmered down, the trouble was that Doctor Parkhurst objected to some of the words used as not being part of his vocabulary. For instance, the article was besprinkled with such expressions as the "red-light district." This struck the Doctor as being too nearly like the slang of the street for his utterance. The upshot of the matter was that Doctor Parkhurst rewrote the article, making it ten times more emphatic than it was before, and using language that no newspaper man would venture to use.

Andrew Carnegie is Jealous of His Good Name

Andrew Carnegie guarded his signature with jealous care during the run of the "signed statement" craze. While always approachable, the steel king could never be induced to affix his signature to any but the most carefully thought out articles on subjects of his own choosing. "You must use it as an interview or not at all," was his decision regarding a carefully prepared article that was intended to be printed as coming from him. "When my name goes to articles I must write them myself, in my own way and on my own topic. Tear it up if that doesn't suit the editor." And it had to be torn up, for it was a "signed statement" or nothing with that editor.

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